

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

Part XV. of The Rebellion Record; Edited by Frank Moore; Published by George P. Putnam, New York. This part contains portraits of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, and Col. Lowell Putnam.

☞ The Woman I Loved, and the Woman who Loved me—will be issued in a separate form. And we have put to press, "Sister Anna's Probation. A Story by Harriet Martineau."

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CHAPTER IV. THE WOMAN I LOVED—
MARIAN.

I RETURNED to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently, I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of utter self-indulgence, and now that the bitter harvest was being reaped by me, I wished to fly to her to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I know I deceived my mother entirely. She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul, and that, afterwards, the good qualities for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which lured me to England I scarcely avowed to myself, and it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little chilled by my past conduct, sprung back at once with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection a home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recognized me; he was delighted to see me, and insisted on taking me home to see his wife. They were just passing through London, and were staying at an hotel. His clear, metallic voice, and sharp enunciation, sounded on my ears, but his words made little impression on me. I had an insane wish, I remember, to strangle him as he spoke, and yet I listened with a strange interest—he was hers. We entered; all the self-control I possessed, little enough, God knows, could scarcely support me as I saw her.

"Are you not well?" asked the rich, melancholy voice, and Marian, more beautiful than ever, stood before me.

I muttered something about Venice and illness. My little friend Harry ran up to me, and asked me to look at his baby sister. Seated on the ground at her mother's feet, circled by toys, sat a lovely little baby girl.

"My Nina," said Marian.

We spoke on common subjects; her husband fidgetted about the room, settling the baby's dress, correcting the boy's behavior, and calling out his cut and dried observations about the weather, politics, and fashionable

gossip, with the fussy and hard mediocrity peculiar to him. I felt cold and constrained. I talked of Italy, of my pleasant travels, of my home-sickness, of Fanny, and of my mother, as if my heart was there, and not here. Marian looked at me with soft and penetrating eyes. I could act content no longer; I stammered and turned pale. She knew she still held my heart in her hand, and her line of conduct was, I am sure, instantly resolved upon. That woman wrecked me as completely as a false light on a rock wrecks a vessel. In absence, I had felt hate, scorn, rage; beside her, all died away, and the old fascination asserted its power. She was there; what could I do but love?

After a time I took my leave, more hopeless, more broken-hearted than before. The Warburtons were to leave town the next day, on a tour of visits. The next day I went down to Speynings.

My mother received me with the tenderest welcome. Her heart was large enough to cover my deficiencies, her nature rich enough to inspire mine with warmth and happiness. For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolves to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future; but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered like a lost soul among the grounds. When I returned, I thought I would go to some of the cottages I had visited with Marian. I thought "this is the last day of weakness, let me have it out. At home I cannot speak of her, here these poor people will give me the last opportunity." I did so; I wandered among them, and heard praises of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child was crying at the door as I entered. I gathered from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in. The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought I heard her say, "Miss Marian, her that was Miss Compton."

I went up to the bed, and tried to smooth

the pillows under her feverish head, and bent low over her to hear what she said, but it was in vain. I did not give up my post till the husband and doctor arrived. Her ravings had become more and more inarticulate.

"Good God! Mr. Spencer," said the doctor, as he came in, "are you aware that woman is dying of typhus fever!"

I involuntarily shrank back. The poor husband was pouring out thanks to me. He thought it was a charitable impulse which had brought me and kept me there. I offered all that was necessary, and returned home.

I was taken ill that evening. The shock my nerves (I will not say my heart) had sustained had told sufficiently on my general health to make me very susceptible to infection, and easily overcome by it. I was taken ill that evening, and remained for six weeks between life and death.

As I recovered, memory seemed to awake more vividly than ever. I passed from frenzy to despondency, and at last sunk into a hopeless kind of lethargy, which must have been trying in the extreme to those with me. My mother exerted every faculty of her mind to uphold, to soothe, and to console. She was indefatigable; but the misery with which she heard my confessions and witnessed my struggles seemed to eat into her heart. Every day she was paler and more careworn. A nurse in a fever ward gets that look, when the strength of the strongest is undermined by nightly watchings, and breathing daily impure air. Sharing the sufferings and sorrows of an impure soul is not less fatal and health-destroying. There was the natural feeling of her own impotency to do me any good, which was like wormwood in a mother's heart; and added to this, my abrupt transitions from tenderness to coldness partook so much more of the character of disease than of natural filial affection, that she was tried almost beyond the powers of woman.

There are some women for whom the Catholic legend of the heart pierced by seven swords is literally true. My poor mother! her conjugal and maternal affection were the trials of her warm affectionate nature. In both she was wretched.

I had as little pity for her as for any one else, and her own life had been latterly so calm and peaceful, all her feelings had so

merged and concentrated themselves into that of maternity, that she suffered from my mental sufferings as much as if our existences had been one. There were moments when my petulance and violence terrified her for my reason, there were days when my voiceless depression wrung her heart. My acquaintance with Veronica, and its fatal termination, I concealed from her, but nothing else in my life, and the retrospect was a sad one.

I made no effort at self-control. The whole man was weakened, physically and mentally, and I gave way to whatever feeling was foremost.

Change of air was recommended to me, and we went to the sea-side. Fanny had been all this time absent on a visit to some friends, and was not to return for many weeks; I had not seen her since my return. My mother and I were alone. When I urged her to send for Fanny as a help and assistance to her, she positively, and almost sternly, refused.

I have a deep conviction that it is a trial which only the elect of human beings can bear scatheless, to be loved entirely and utterly by another. It requires a depth, a generosity, an abundance, in one's own nature. I felt oppressed. The strength of the great love which my mother felt for me was too much for my heart's vitality. The glowing sunshine extinguishes the feeble fire. It made me very happy at times; at others, I felt an inadequateness, an insufficiency in myself which was fatal.

"You are too earnest, mother," I used to say; "one should skim but not dive into subjects as you do."

"When you are as old as I am, Hubert, you will understand that life must be accepted earnestly, if we would make anything of it."

Sometimes I would say to her I felt unworthy of such love as hers. She would smile tenderly and say:

"It is only the natural difference of feeling. It is always one who loves, and one who is loved. Mine is the best share. It is better, believe me, to love than be loved: the loving love longer than the beloved. Be contented that it should be so."

"Contented!" I said, with wonder.

"Yes; I can imagine circumstances which would make you wish you could fly from

that love, when its very intenseness might seem a reproach; all I ask, then, from you, is patience. Bear with it: God knows, Hubert, I only ask you to fulfil your own happiness; I seek none for myself; but do you seek it where my wishes and prayers can go with you?"

One evening I was resting on the sofa, when a little confusion was heard, and Henry Warburton walked in. I received him with open arms.

"We are staying in the neighborhood," he said; "and we heard accidentally you had been ill, and my wife wished to know how you were getting on, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Mrs. Spencer, how is he!" He waited for no reply, but went on.

"Pale, I think—pulled down; but we will soon put you to rights."

I introduced him to my mother. I saw at once that he made a peculiarly unpleasant impression on her. I was perverse enough to resent her coolness to him as a wrong to myself; I felt annoyed, and showed it.

What an odd, inconsistent wish I had to please that man! If he were my friend, I could be his wife's. He was most willing, I saw, to be my friend. He had been well tutored. Besides that, he was flattered by my evident desire to please him. I had a certain reputation for talent, and it delighted him to perceive the attention which I paid to his opinions, and the deference with which I agreed with his views. I was the heir to great wealth; I was an excellent friend to have. If his own personal influence, aided by his wife's beauty and good-nature, could make me a friend, I was the best card he could hold. My connection with the great mercantile house at Vienna was not severed by my father's death, or my own reluctance to join it. Till I was five-and-twenty my name (as a sleeping partner, however) was on their books, and in all their transactions. Well made use of, this was a key which might open the way to millions. I was much too important a person not to be courted by Harry Warburton. His frank, gentleman-like manner (somewhat patronizing, as became our difference of age) concealed his designs from others; but I was shrewd enough to detect them at once. Yet, so deceitful is the heart of man, that had any one asked me my opinion of Warburton, I should have spoken of him in the warmest manner; I

tried to persuade myself I thought so; I sought to convince my mother. It was here that the hitch between us made itself felt. For myself, my sufferings and my fruitless pain she could have the tenderest pity; but for all this sophistry, this endeavor to reason black into white she had no feeling but indignation.

Warburton stayed two days. It would have been amusing for a disinterested spectator to have observed how he fussed himself into the management of everything, from the shelling of the shrimps for breakfast to the blacking of the boots, including all the cares of my sick-room. We were left almost entirely together. He told me he and his wife would be at the Grange in a week, and would stay there a long time. From some things he said, I discovered that his affairs were very much disordered and involved, from the failure of a house of business in which he had deposited his funds for some speculative purpose; but the bank had failed just as he was about to draw on the money, the realized bulk of almost his entire property; at one blow it had gone; they had but a pittance left. So much for his vaunted worldly shrewdness. He spoke so generously of his resolve to bear all the inevitable privations, and spare them to his wife, that I was more and more charmed with him, and vowed in my heart of hearts that if he would permit it my best efforts should tend to the same purpose. I resolved at once to return to Speynings. My mother was pleased with this desire to return home, and gladly commenced preparations for our departure. I had in our long confidential communications told her so much, promised her so many times to endeavor to overcome my fatal passion, that though she could not tolerate my hasty friendship for Warburton, it did not strike her that this sudden wish to return to Speynings might be identical with the Warburtons' visit to the Grange; indeed, she was ignorant of this.

I remember that at the prospect of some delay which might have detained us a day or two at Ilfracombe, I flew into a towering rage. The effect was so inadequate to the cause, and was altogether so preposterous, that she looked at me with astonishment. She recollected it afterwards, and understood it as a proof how deep-laid a plan I had formed to persevere in my folly; or rather,

as it seemed to her, and was in fact, my sin.

We returned. I bore the journey well. We slept one night in town. I had a disturbed and restless night; but as soon as I awoke I found my mother at my side. My least movement seemed always to be heard by her, and roused her to see if I needed anything. She would sit for hours by my bedside—even after the exigencies of my illness required it—ready to smooth a pillow, to draw a curtain, in short, to soothe and calm my restlessness. Once, after hours of almost delirious tossings to and fro on my feverish couch, I have found myself gradually drop into a peaceful sleep, and on waking refreshed the next morning have found myself in her arms, hushed to forgetfulness, as in the days of my infancy. I noticed not that this trying kind of life was destroying her own health. Her nerves were shattered and her strength enfeebled; but I was regardless of all.

The afternoon of the day we arrived, as I was waiting in anxious expectation, the door of the room in which we sat was opened, and to my mother's infinite surprise—for she did not know they were at the Grange—the Warburtons entered. Marian sank rather than sat on a chair at my side, Warburton talked so loudly and quickly that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her veil and there was a pallor on her bright cheek. She asked me most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed by its wordless tenderness to reconcile me to irrecoverable fate. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness, but there was a sweetness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a sword between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had acted a part—she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she recoiled from being a participator, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared open and candid with her—as long as I suffered her to share my sorrow with me—she was indefatigable, but when, instead of seeking to repress the fatal feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a

covert and dishonorable manner, she confessed to herself with unutterable sorrow that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the moral disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian at the Grange. Till my health was established she came almost daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was invariable. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days. *En tout bien, en tout honneur.* Warburton always invited me; Marian was pleased and consented, but nothing more;—no husband could have been jealous. Consummate art was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my adoration for his wife, and though he was resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point (he was not an absolute villain) affected to ignore it altogether, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in *his* society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large, tender, deep eyes—told a different tale. Warburton's praises of me rang through the neighborhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbor said, "How intimate young Spencer is with the Warburtons," the answer always was, "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton's; besides, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings with that poor invalid, his mother."

My mother was now an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, she was so anxious not to make any claim on me; she would not owe to my compassion for her physical sufferings—those attentions which my love did not voluntarily offer. It was difficult for a heart so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed emptied of all feelings but on one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fed my malady and drained the vital

springs of my life. If affection is shown by act, I might be said to be devoid of it. I lived a life apart, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet with an inconsistency peculiar to men, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow (and how much had it darkened in these few months), or a colder accent in her voice, I felt as much aggrieved as if I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be poured out without measure and stint, though I did not even stoop to regard it.

Dante's simile is true.* Amid all the voices which sound to a man's ear in life, there is one voice always distinctly and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the music around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at this time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit, and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, it is the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves that because our overt actions are not against the outward law of right we are sinless. So long as I did not persuade Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her, soon after Mr. Villars' death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow, as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of isolation, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and to consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live meanwhile in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the first time rebelled against her en-

gagement; but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her; she saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to herself sufficiently to authorize her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irrevocable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, calmer than love? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry, but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in this manner. She took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service; I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks, and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not scores of times sworn that to press her hand, to sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, was he not completely satisfied with her docility and gentleness? She moulded him in all things to her will, yet was he persuaded that it was he who managed her. She contented us both. Yes, for the burning jealousy, the bitter yearnings, the death in life I sometimes endured, I blamed myself, raved against fate—anything, any one, but my faultless and peerless love!

In vain my mother expostulated. "This is disloyal, Hubert. How can you take that man's hand, hold his child on your knee when—"

"I have a sincere friendship for him. Why not?"

It was this obduracy which made her turn hopelessly away. I felt, however, that things could not continue in this way. The house of business with which I was connected in

* "E come in fiamma, favilla si vede
E come in voce, voce si discerne,
Quand' una e ferma, e l'altra va e riede."

Vienna needed my presence. From time to time I had indefinitely promised to go there, and I looked forward to it as an escape. I was fast approaching the age when, by my father's will, a settlement of property was to be made, and I should either continue to keep my name in the firm or take it out.

I was so perplexed, so beset by contending feelings and contradictory purposes, that my life was a very purgatory. With the weakness which belonged to me I fancied that change of place would change the circumstances, and I longed to free myself from the evil which my own undisciplined nature had woven round me. I conversed a good deal with the Warburtons on the subject. They counselled me strongly to go to Vienna. He, like all practical men, or so-called practical men, thought it was right to go wherever there was a prospect of furthering pecuniary interests; a studious life, or a contemplative one was what he stigmatized as an idle one. Marian, on her side, had an idea—a very erroneous one—that my mother possessed some influence over me, and that that influence was inimical to her. She therefore also wished me to leave Speynings. I was maturing in silence my resolve to leave, but instead of frankly declaring my intention of leaving, certain as I was that no obstacle would be made by my mother, I was so conscious of having been unkind, negligent, and ungrateful to her, that I made the resolve appear the consequence of wrong done by her.

One day when she was speaking to me seriously on the subject of my perpetual visits to the Grange, which I persisted in attributing to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said:—

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purport is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus forever seek the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness; to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near them."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for hers, to leave her. If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness, wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow; I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added carelessly, that I should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of mute reproach has often recurred to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my

troubled spirit. Being with her was of itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delightful. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, recoils sooner or later upon one's self. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doting old woman, who to satisfy some senile caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world, that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts, that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:—

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian!

She and I, and the children, walked from the Grange together; the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought "this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept." I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship, if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of old Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was, I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevant matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be foiled. After awhile she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly:

"When did you say you were going?" she asked, in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to

have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said:—

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or the convulsive manner in which she clasped her hands together, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn. Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might now be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unhallowed passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endurance, my kindness have been in vain,—that I who have dreamed, thought, breathed but to lighten your load and assuage your cares, have made you miserable,—I feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Go, Hubert, the sight of you kills me."

I obeyed her.

The next day passed in a gloomy calm. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen, and went about as usual; she was

so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, merely telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred-horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as *sold*, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarrelled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (when had it ever been infringed?) "basta," as Marian would say. "Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When at last I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a moody, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproof in itself. It was cold; the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I re-

quested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good-natured attempts to enliven it. When I had announced my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place; how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, etc., etc. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-by," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert! Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

"I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizes you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-by!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swung round at once to Marian.

At five-and-twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw my mother again. Twelve months after I left England she died.

During that period I had not only joined the firm at Vienna, but had, by my hereditary and personal influence, made room for Warburton. He and his wife were now domiciled at Vienna.

I was a man who misses a daily intercourse, but whose affections are not solid enough to stand the trial of absence, and I did not mourn my mother much. Besides, there was a sting in such grief as I could not help feeling, which my selfishness led me resolutely to fight against. However plausibly I might argue with myself, there was a sin on my soul. My actions appeared harmless enough. The crimes which darken many minds I was innocent of. I had kept within the outward limit which separates vice from virtue, and yet the mildew of my reckless self-love had destroyed all that came too near me. The world spoke fairly of me; the Warburtons and their clique praised me to the skies; but character sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the chancel of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me; but my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had latterly lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

It is extraordinary how brief is the phase of contentment in some minds, and how soon the balance weighs downwards. We ascend the hill with great difficulty, but the place at the top is so narrow, that in a very brief time we are obliged to descend. In the gay circles of Vienna Marian was very much admired. The besotted vanity of Warburton was such, that he imagined it

was his society which attracted the Viennese youth to his house. I used to feel enraged at his self-satisfaction. Certainly Marian had art enough to manage a score of admirers without compromising herself, or committing him. Not one of these gay and gallant courtiers imagined, I am sure, that the slouching, dark-eyed young Englishman whom her husband was so fond of, was acknowledged by her to be her only friend.

But I was not happy. There were times when I was almost suffocated by contending feelings, when I felt I must break through it all, and either snatch away Marian to be my own in some far foreign land; or taking an eternal farewell of her, return to England, bury myself at Speynings, out of sight of that fatal beauty which had destroyed my life. Marian and I had spoken of the former alternative; her children were her excuse for not acting up to the love she professed. No, she could not leave them; how could I ask it? was that my love for her? She could understand a woman sacrificing herself, but not bringing shame on her children. Whether the difficulty was not in reality her dislike to change a position which had so much that was seducing to a woman of her inclinations, for the solitary companionship of one heart, I will not affirm. Besides, it was not even an alternative; she had hitherto united both, the homage of the world and my unswerving fealty. Why should there be a change? If I was not happy I could go. In our unfortunate position, she said, we must each forgo something.

She fancied she kept within the limits of virtue (she piqued herself on her religious principles, and had a great fear of the devil) by remaining in her home. Yet where was her loyalty to her husband when she knew of my love, and, under the specious name of friendship, allowed me to speak of it. Under the name of friendship I was to be hers, and hers only. I had a vague feeling, sometimes, that a straightforward woman would have said "Leave me; it is not good for either of us to continue a feeling which must bring, eventually, so much pain on both. Your heart must need a fuller feeling than I can bestow on it. Give me your friendship, but seek another woman's love. Love cannot exist without hope, and hope I cannot give you. Leave me for awhile, and put me out of the calculation in your reve-

ries of future happiness. You will thank me one day for what seems coldness now."

She never said this. She took for granted that the anomalous position in which we were was to be eternal, and on the least evidence of impatience or desire to break my chain her eyes would seek mine, and their look of mournful reproach would instantly recall my wandering allegiance. At last, however, even she began to feel that some change was a necessity. She feared the effect of custom. She dreaded the daily increasing irritability of my temper, which might at any moment cause a scene between us, in which she might have to abdicate some of her superiority. She, at last, herself counselled me to go.

It was necessary I should go to Speynings; the large fortune which had been vested in my mother by my great-uncle she had bequeathed to me without reservation. To Fanny she had left a modest competence. The rent-roll of Speynings was not in itself large, but the large sum of ready money in the funds, and my father's fortune, made me a rich man.

I wound up my affairs at Vienna; I invited the Warburtons to pay me a long visit the first *congé* he had, and returned to England. The day I left Marian was very pale, the tears were in her eyes. It was winter; she fastened a small cashmere scarf around my throat with her own white hands.

"You must take care of yourself for my sake."

She was rarely so demonstrative, and my heart melted within me. So soft to her, how strangely hard that heart had become to all else!

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I approached Speynings I found the house shut up. I was fatigued by my journey, and ordered a fire to be made in the library, and spent there the rest of the evening. For the first time perhaps, I realized my loss. The silence and loneliness of the house seemed a type of my future life. As Speynings was without its mistress, would my life be without the love which had once so boundlessly ministered to it. I knew that both in public and in private I was considered a prosperous man. I was rich, master of a good estate, well educated, well born, there was not an unmarried wo-

man in the county who would not have willingly accepted my hand and my estate; but those fatal blue eyes which had shone upon me for so long, had parched all the verdure of my soul. What love had I to give? What love could I receive? I might become a husband and a father, I might to a certain degree surround myself with the ties of life; but the very idea of them was like water to a drunkard. I covered my face with my hands.

Fanny Egerton had gone to live with her friend Nora after my mother's death. Nora had married Mr. Maynard, the rector of the parish of Speynings. The rectory was within a walk, and I went over to the parsonage the next morning to see Fanny. Her pretty rosy face was as pale as death as I entered the room. As we shook hands, I felt hers was cold as marble. I asked her a few questions, which she answered with the greatest reserve. I asked some questions about Speynings.

"I have not been there since—"

"Why not?"

I spoke as kindly as I could.

"I go to Speynings after . . ." Fanny burst into tears.

"I promised," she said, looking through her tears at me, "that I would see you: that I would be as friendly as—as—before you left England: I cannot keep my word. Do you know how you made her suffer? The day you left she went to your room. She threw herself on your bed, and would not permit me to stay with her. In the morning, when I went to see her, I saw she had cried all night. I heard her call out, 'my son, my son.' The only thing which occupied her till her death was to arrange everything as she thought you would like it."

It was true; I had found everything arranged precisely as I most liked it.

After that evening I took care not to speak to Fanny again on that subject. I found plenty of things which required my attention, and wrote regularly to the Warburtons. Sometimes I went to the parsonage. After her first burst of feeling Fanny was polite, but never cordial. She had much improved in person; there was an air of thought, of decision in her face, which became it well. She was adored in the village, and was the sunbeam of the house in

which she lived. The Maynards would not spare her to any one, though she had relatives who were continually asking her to live with them. She would be absent for awhile, but always returned to the parsonage. My nature was warped at the root, and she was attractive to me in proportion to the entire loss of my influence over her. All persons have an atmosphere that impresses others. No one was more sensitive to these impressions than I have been. Marian inspired a delicious languor which soothed, but perhaps enervated. Fanny, on the contrary, roused a spirited activity. Health was the spirit of her being, mentally and bodily. One felt that here was a sound organization. The difference might be compared to the perfume of a magnolia and the aromatic fragrance of mignonette. The racy sweetness of the latter revives, as the voluptuous odor of the former oppresses the senses.

With my usual plausibility I tried to bring back our former intimacy. I dilated on our old familiar affection. How often had my mother hinted that it would gratify a dear wish of hers if I loved Fanny. How often had it been a reproach to her in my mind when she expressed any disapprobation at my folly, that that desire had perverted her taste and made her censorious. *Now* the thought passed through my mind, had happiness been near me, and had I wantonly averted my head from it?

One evening, as I was walking in the shrubbery with Fanny, I spoke to her in something of a sentimental strain. She replied more kindly than I anticipated. I began making some allusions to the emptiness of Speynings—how I had missed her—how hard it was that she was no longer there. I made allusions in a kind and tender tone—kinder and tenderer than my wont, or than she had been accustomed to from me in our former days. She started; then allowed me to go on with a look of the most blank astonishment; and then she paused; and as the color flew into her face and her eyes sparkled with anger, she looked superb in her indignation. She replied:—

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr. Spencer (since my return she never addressed me as Herbert), but you must know nothing could ever add to the strong disapproval—I may say aversion—with which

your past unkindness to her inspired me, unless, indeed, it were this strange conduct. I neither feel flattered at your commendation or your regrets."

"Excuse me," I said, with pride equal to her own. "I fear I have expressed myself ill. I have no such pretensions as you seem to suppose. I know too well your prejudices against me, and I resent them too much ever to seek to correct their injustice." I bowed and left her, hoping I had planted a thorn in her heart. My vanity was so mortified that I was glad of this pitiful revenge.

The undercurrent of remorse and regret which was beginning to surge through my heart made me pitiless and cruel. I returned from the parsonage in a storm of indignation. That that young woman should judge me, mortified me beyond measure; the more so, perhaps, that my conscience told me she was right. I sat moodily at home, resolving to leave Speynings, and shut it up as soon as I conveniently could. Suddenly I heard the noise of a horse galloping up the avenue. The unusual hour for a visit alarmed me. I inquired who it was. A telegraphic dispatch was brought to me—sent by express from the neighboring station. It entirely changed my fate. Harry Warburton was dead!—Mrs. Warburton and her children were on their way to England!

Poor Warburton!—his end was characteristic of his life. He and some of the men of his stamp had organized some races, and he had resolved to ride his own horse. He had been advised—warned—but he persisted, and was thrown and killed on the spot. By me he was mourned—strange though it may seem to say so. My life had flowed in one particular course so long, that it was difficult to force it into a new channel. My first feeling was a mysterious dread of evil. Marian free!—and who were bound to each other, if we were not. Then difficulties rose before me—obstacles—delays. Away from Marian I could remember she was much older than I was. Her children were growing up; she and they were penniless; it would be a great charge and responsibility on whoever became Marian's husband.

The consummate tact of Marian was never more proved than in our meeting. She no doubt understood the ground was less secure than formerly. She was not alone, was kind

and cordial, but very sad. She spoke more of her loss as regarded her children than herself. There was no parade of grief which might have seemed hypocritical, there was no semblance of indifference which might have seemed unfeeling. There was no air of intimacy which might lead to conjectures, or recall claims. There was the exact and due consideration given to me as one of Warburton's dear friends. How many he had! I met several offering their services! Among them was a certain Lord Lascelles who had become known to them after I left Vienna, who was very attentive. It was distinctly impressed on my mind, though how I cannot describe, that if I hesitated I should be superseded.

I checked all prudential misgivings for I was still in love, and a year and a half after Warburton's death, Marian was my wife. Lord Lascelles was the eldest son of an Irish peer, but the property was heavily mortgaged; in everything but title he was my inferior, and I must do Marian the justice to say that she did not pause in her choice.

I announced the fact of my marriage to Fanny, but received no reply from her.

I suppose all men attain a period of disenchantment. Some earlier than others. The love which had robbed my youth of its purest joys failed, when won, to lend its charm to my maturity. I looked with despair on my own heart, and on the blank which was there. Very selfish persons become prematurely old. Life is to each like a reel of silk. We all take one into our hands, some use it for their work, and when the reel is used the silk looks gay in the work which it has finished. Others hold it so carelessly that it all runs out at once, and leaves only the bare wood. I had used my life so prodigally and selfishly that I had got to the wood at the age when most men have only commenced their reel, and what work had I done?

Marian was my wife, and though her beauty was not so radiant as it had been six years ago, it was still great, yet I dared to whisper to myself I was disappointed. It was not so delightful to me to spend the morning in her sitting-room, now that I could be there whenever I chose. She, herself, seemed to think it somewhat of a bore. There was a stimulus wanting. I saw little faults in her which I had not detected previously. A want of depth in her nature which

produced a smallness, a pettishness about trifles. Hers was not the sunny temperament which could extract pleasure from all things, and flower and bloom with the first ray of sunshine. She needed excitement. Her husband's admiration did not suffice for her, and as her beauty was a little less universally attractive, and did not win her the admiration of others so much as it did, there was a bitterness, which though concealed in society, sometimes made itself perceptible at home. Perhaps, had my own nature sustained, verified, developed hers, it would have been different, but I was too much like her. There was a sterility in both which in me had been veiled by youth, and in her by grace, but which was soon evident. The poor material on which such gay embroideries had been lavished, now that time had told on it, displayed itself; instead of sumptuous brocade, it was beggarly canvas. Thousands of men are more unhappy from faults than vices; but with me it was more the negation of happiness than the positive pang of unhappiness. Sometimes a devil whispered to my heart: "Are you assured that you do possess her love? Warburton always believed he possessed it entirely." However much my self-esteem might insinuate a difference, there were misgivings.

I began seeking for other interests to fill up life, and like most men disappointed in their affections, I turned to politics. There were signs which boded a general election, and I resolved to stand for the county. We went down to Speynings. I commenced the work of canvassing with great spirit. Three days after my arrival I gave a large dinner party, at which most of the magnates of the county were to be present. I had sent an invitation to the parsonage; it was refused, but the servant who bore the refusal left a packet for me. I opened it; the outside was addressed in Fanny's hand, but without a word from her. The inside was a case containing a magnificent parure of diamonds, necklace, bandeau, brooch, etc. On a paper was written in characters somewhat faded by time: "For my beloved Hubert's wife, from his mother." There was also a letter, but just as I was opening it I heard Marian's step, and a feeling I could not explain, led me to conceal the case and letter in a drawer. She entered to speak to me about her dress, and to lament some acci-

dent which had happened to her ornaments. I immediately gave her the diamonds, but without mentioning how they had come into my possession.

She was enchanted, but reproached me for not having given them to her before.

As she sat opposite me at dinner she looked lovely. Round that graceful throat the brilliants sparkled like water. The simile was not an apt one: it suggested tears, and reminded me how many had been shed, caused by me, and on her account, in this very room. A voice rose in my heart that the queenly splendor which adorned my wife was the gift of that mother I had so outraged and pained, and was bestowed by me on the one woman she would have rejected as a daughter. The costly heritage I had derived from her I shared with one she distrusted and despised. At that moment I looked towards Marian; she was bending down, with sparkling eyes and kindling cheek, and listening to the flattering speeches of Lord Lascelles. She had invited him in such a manner that I could make no objection. Something in her attitude, in the curves of her lips as she smiled, carried me back to the days long ago, days of the Grange, before her marriage with Warburton. I shuddered; I answered absently to persons who were speaking to me; I made the most obvious blunders. People began to look surprised, and in spite of the proverbial inexpressiveness of worldly faces, I caught an expression on some, as I turned my eyes from the head of the table, which stung me.

"Jealous, by —."

I fancied this exclamation hissed into my ears. I began to talk and laugh vehemently, but there was disquiet within me. My laugh was so loud that it served to attract Marian, who looked at me with surprise, and then coldly and slowly averted her eyes.

After the dinner there was a ball. Lascelles and Marian opened it. Marian and I met once in the course of the evening.

"What is the matter, Hubert; are you not well, or only cross?"

"Not very well," I replied.

"It is very hot, I am not surprised—I feel half suffocated myself, and far from well."

She left me, and glided back to the dancers. Where was the quick sympathy

of old? I threw myself on a chair in the library, lost in a bitter reverie. The drawer in which I had placed the case and letter was open, I mechanically took out the letter; it was in my mother's hand. I shuddered as I read it.

"My beloved Hubert, how strange it is to think that when you receive this letter the hand that wrote it will be dust. I rise from my grave, my dearest, to bless you. The bitterness of death was over when I held your hand for the last time. You have thought my silence unforgiving—would it not rather have proved alienation, and have been a sacrilege, to alter the free and unconstrained intercourse of spirit which had once subsisted between us, to the superficial communion which was the tone you had adopted? Best to roll the stone on the sepulchre till the day of the resurrection. That day will come. I can wait for it; I know that hereafter you will know my heart. We are all unjust to one another: I may have misjudged you, but my judgment of you never affected my love for you. You misunderstood me, and ceased to love me; but you will love me once more, my son. I look back on my girlish, my married, my widowed life, and I see I have been deprived of most of the blessings which are given to other women; but I had one gift, the gift of loving you, Hubert, with an entire and perfect love. When you are a parent you will understand me. You have accused me of jealousy, God forgive you; I was jealous of your honor, of your truth, of your happiness, which all seemed to me perilled by the course of life on which you had entered. What can be the result of selfishness united to selfishness, falseness to falseness, ingratitude to ingratitude? There is a lucidity in a mother's apprehension. I know that you are not loved as you love. I know, also, that you love, not with the best, but with the worst part of your nature, and therefore, that your love is mortal and ephemeral. That it has placed you in antagonism to me is my bitter, but deserved chastisement. My idolatrous affection for you has fostered your selfishness, it is right that I should suffer by that selfishness. I am resigned, I submit, but you too, dearest, will suffer; would that, at any cost to myself, I could shield you. Be firm, be unselfish, be sincere. Truth, fortitude, and love carry us through all trials victoriously. I do not pray for any blessing chosen by myself for you. I hold the cross between my hands, and say for you as for myself, God's will be done!"

MABEL SPENCER."

Before I reached the end of this letter my eyes were filled with tears. Yes, she was

avenged, and on the spot where I had been so careless, so ungrateful, so cruel—she was avenged. I would have given all that remained to me of life but to have held once more the hand I had cast away. I snatched the candle from the table and held it up before her picture, which was in the room—an old portrait taken when she was young, but with the intense look about the eyes which was her characteristic. The eyes were unanswering now; the mouth would never smile upon me again. I sat down again. I heard steps and extinguished the light, for I did not wish to be intruded upon, but the steps were in the conservatory. Through the distant sound of the music in the saloon the words I had just read rang as a knell to my ears—"Selfishness to selfishness, falsehood to falsehood, ingratitude to ingratitude." I went to the window which opened into the conservatory, for I was faint and dizzy. The steps approached, and through the moonlit vista of shrubs and exotics I saw a gleam of some shining dress.

"Are you better?" said a voice I did not at once recognize.

"Yes, much better,—it was only the heat;" answered the rich soft tones of Marian—of my wife.

"I will sit down here, Lord Lascelles; then I must return, for I shall be missed—I do not know where Hubert is."

I heard a muttered exclamation, and an expletive added to the name of Hubert, and I recognized Lord Lascelles' voice.

He continued:—

"Where in the —'s name is he? It is of consequence to him to show himself, I know, as this assembly is a sort of touchstone for his election. But where can he be?"

"He said something about not being very well."

"I cannot imagine Spencer suffering from the ordinary ills of mortality."

"Why not?"

"I should not were I in his place."

"I do not understand you."

"No matter. Do not move, I beseech you; you are not rested—let us stay, it is so pleasant here—almost an Italian atmosphere; these orange-flowers—those roses—"

"Ah, do not speak of Italy—the name fills me with sad memories and yearning regrets. It was such a favorite dream of mine that

Italy should be my home one day; but dreams are never realized——"

"Mine are transcended. I once dreamed of a face—a form of a peculiar and enchanting type. I have seen a reality more exquisite than my dreams."

"You have been fortunate."

"O Marian—forgive me, Mrs. Spencer."

"Lord Lascelles, I had better return to the drawing-room."

"Not before you say you forgive me."

"Foolish . . . What a perfect child you are."

"I am only three years younger than Spencer."

"Perhaps not, but those three years make a difference; besides, I am older than Spencer."

"Impossible!"

"It is true; when I consented to marry a man younger than myself I was not unmindful of the risk, but I thought that in all marriages there are drawbacks, and a woman who is conscious that she has something to make up for has a greater incentive to patience, gentleness, indulgence than others."

"Angel! who could be worthy of you?"

"All men flatter all women . . . but their wives; it is strange how this little ring robs us of our perfections. Till they are married men think we alone can make their happiness—afterwards they require a hundred adjuncts."

"I shall not be tried, for I shall never marry!"

"Never marry?"

"No; all I seek from life is friendship; I have no mother, no sister; a woman who would condescend to let me be her friend would never repent it—will you let me be yours?"

"It is a great blessing to have a friend. In life there are a thousand trifles, little trials, slight sorrows we do not like to disturb those who love us most with, and yet which need assistance and sympathy. Many men adore women, but their adoration is useless in the daily wants of life. If I were in danger I would rush to Hubert for protection; but if a thorn scratched me, however painful, he would only laugh at me. He often thinks me, as I dare say I am, foolishly sensitive: he does not often comprehend me."

"I understand, for I am of that nature

myself. I can offer you sympathy, and I can understand you from never having been understood myself. Let me be your friend, dear—Mrs. Spencer."

"Well, we will be very good friends, and to seal the compact of our friendship, let us return to the ball-room and work for the popularity of the new member."

"Spencer shall not complain of my lukewarmness in his cause. I will move heaven and earth, the highest and the lowest powers that be, to serve him, and he shall be M.P. in six weeks."

The speakers rose and moved back to the rooms. I had heard as one spell-bound. I had never moved.

"The old sweet tale," as Heine says, "so sweet, so sad—" My thoughts were confused; so had I spoken to her, so had I felt when she was Warburton's wife—"falsehood to falsehood." In the darkness I felt my mother's eyes were fixed piercingly on me, and the strangely menacing aspect of Veronica, standing as I had seen her on that last fatal day, recurred to me.

What do I feel?—am I jealous—angry—scornful? I laugh, laugh with a bitterness which is almost convulsive, and then I pause. Is that game to be played with me—and yet what was it that disturbed me? Am I not sure of Marian's virtue? O God!

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning a large party assembled at the breakfast-table. Marian, instead of breakfasting as usual in her own room, was in her place at its head. I looked at her, and, for the first time since I had known her, observed her as a stranger might have done. I seemed divested, as by some sudden lucidity, of the magnetic "rapport," so to speak, between us.

She wore a piece of lace over her head, knotted under the chin with some rose-colored ribbon. She was certainly and incontestably beautiful. Why did that beauty excite something resentful in me?—a passionate and indignant vindictiveness, as if some weapon was upheld against me by an enemy.

Her little Nina, who had grown into a bewitching tiny coquette of nine years old, was seated near her. Lord Lascelles was playing with the child as if he saw no one else, not even its mother. The conversation

at my end of the table turned on the ensuing election, and the prospects of the county. With an effort I bent my mind to attention and took part in it. My friends seemed surprised that a man who had lived so long abroad, who had a certain loose foreign guise in his dress and habits, knew so much, not only of the ins and out of English politics generally, but was versed in many intimate details of the tangled web of party tradition at Speynings. I rose immediately in their estimation, and the conversation became general and animated. Some of the ladies offered themselves to aid us in our electioneering expeditions, and there was a general cry—

"We must enlist you, Mrs. Spencer."

Marian laughed and shook her head.

"You have my best wishes, as you may suppose, Hubert, but I am afraid I shall not be of much use. I am so foolishly shy on occasions of that kind, that I should do more harm than good. The people would think me proud while I was simply awkward."

She blushed as she spoke.

I saw Lord Lascelles leave off whispering to Nina and listen to her. I knew how he would admire such graceful feminine timidity. I had a torturing intuition of all he would feel. What a wretched sensation this umbra of myself—this mocking tautology of all I had undergone in the Warburton era—gave me.

At last the ladies rose, and we men sat somewhat longer over our cold coffee, newspapers, and cigars. Lord Lascelles sat silent, cutting with his knife various indentations on some bread on his plate, lost in thought.

The horses were ordered, and we all went to prepare for a round of calls, to test as it were the pulse of the place, to ascertain our strength and our weakness,—to discriminate between our allies and our opponents.

Before I left, faithful to long habit, I ran in to Marian's boudoir to bid her good-by (it was at the opposite side of the house from the entrance), but she was not there. I crossed the hall and found all my friends—Lascelles included—mounted.

As we passed the house Marian stood at the window of the library with Nina at her side. She kissed her hand to me as we rode by. It was as pretty a picture as one might

wish to see of the lady of the castle sending out her lord on some chivalric and perilous adventure.

"Why are you punishing that poor brute so unmercifully, Spencer," said Mr. Mannering, a very old friend of my mother, who rode behind me, "you stuck your spurs into the poor jade as if you had some refractory 'Blue' on hand."

I smiled, and Mr. Mannering did not see that I smiled in scorn at myself. I was an idiot to be so moved—a coward to be so irritable—about what? The experience of the irrevocable past gave me foregone conclusions, which I used to poison the present.

I was ashamed of myself. Was I a prey to that most humiliating of pangs a man may endure, jealousy of a woman he does not esteem? Mr. Mannering here rode up and asked me if it would not be advisable to call at the rectory. Mr. Maynard was a popular man, an exemplary clergyman—"not a meddling parson"—and connected with me by marriage. He would be a most useful ally.

We turned our horses' heads, and rode through the little wood which divided the glebe land from the park, and leaving the horses to the grooms, entered.

Mr. Maynard was alone in his study, and our interview was most satisfactory. He knew most of his parishioners intimately. He offered to make out a list, which he thought might be useful to me. While he was writing it, he proposed we should go into the drawing-room and see his wife.

My conscience smote me at this zealous good-nature, for I had never been especially civil to Maynard. His wife was Marian's sister, and that circumstance, which should have drawn us together, had divided us; there had never been any congeniality between Marian and Nora, and I had insensibly acquiesced in Marian's tone. Maynard himself was a gentlemanly, scholarly fellow—certainly the very reverse of a "meddling parson," and he had accepted with dignified indifference the indirect ostracism to which he had been subjected.

I was not, therefore, prepared for the instant aid he proffered me, and the sincere interest which I saw he took in my success.

We found Nora alone. She was not so cordial in her reception of us as her husband! Nora's manner had always been impulsive

and somewhat abrupt. The very softness of her sister seemed to goad her into a kind of perverse combativeness, but her marriage had improved and refined her. To me, of late, however, she had always been cold and distant. Fanny was not visible, but a chair drawn to a table near some writing implements seemed to have been only just vacated. Since our last interview I had never by any chance seen Fanny near enough to address her. I had a sore, uncomfortable feeling at my heart with regard to her. It seemed that the only person who judged me fairly, and so judging, condemned me, was she, my mother's protégée—she, the playmate of my childhood—she, the companion and friend of my youth!

My mother's dying words were full of forgiveness and tenderness; but while Fanny remained estranged, the forgiveness did not seem complete and entire; and yet how could I retrace the steps which had divided us.

On the very few occasions on which Mr. and Mrs. Maynard had visited us, they had always been alone; and the two or three times we had dined with them Fanny was absent. She and Marian had never met since the latter's marriage.

I was thinking of these things while Mannering and the others were talking to Nora, and then, finding myself unnoticed, I slipped back to the library to ask some more questions of Maynard.

To my surprise I found Fanny standing beside him, reminding him of names, and adding comments, which revived apparently his recollection of them, while he wrote them down. Their backs were to me, and they did not see me enter; but she was speaking with a good deal of earnestness and animation. I went up to her. "I am so glad to see you once more, and I thank you from my heart." My voice faltered in spite of myself.

"If you mean for sending you that—that packet—I ought to apologize rather for not sending it earlier. The reason of the delay was first my own absence from Speynings for many months after your marriage, and then some difficulties in receiving it from the persons who had taken care of it during my absence."

She spoke coldly and formally. It was still war then. I was hurt. I bowed in silence, and turned away.

"Thanks, Maynard: you have been really most kind."

"Why, it is a catalogue *raisonné*, with a vengeance," said Mannering, looking over the list, as he entered. "I see our way clearly now. How surprised these good yeomen would be to know how thoroughly you had read them, Maynard! 'A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,' and all that sort of thing, eh?"

He and the others were introduced to Fanny; and then, after many apologies to Maynard for our wholesale incursion, and thanks for his valuable assistance, we took leave. I shook hands almost warmly with him, but I merely bent in acknowledgment of Fanny's all but scornful salute.

How expressive was her face, I thought, of contempt and aversion. How could she but despise me! This I was compelled to avow to myself.

There was a good deal of conversation among the others, but I rode on silently.

The scenes I had witnessed, or rather the words I had overheard the night before, were like a stone dropped into a pool. Where it had broken the surface, a series of ever-widening circles testified the disturbance, and continued it. So many remembrances were evoked, which brought with them so much of sickening resemblance of the feelings which Lord Lascelles had avowed, that, combined with the impatience of pain engendered by long selfishness, I was really on a moral rack. A spark left to smoulder has often caused a conflagration, and I shrunk, with a sense of boding ill, from these retrospections, from the evil they aroused, from the still greater evil they might create. But I was forced to command myself. I obliged myself to talk and jest, and tried thus to exorcise the evil spirit.

We did a good deal of business, had luncheon at a most friendly farmer's, and we obtained golden opinions, in the literal and figurative sense, from all.

"Wall, our young Squire looks puny and white loike; but he's jest real English at heart for all that. What say you, Bill? And Mr. Mannering is a foine one, to be sure."

Such exclamations would sometimes reach us, and amuse us.

Towards sunset we took the road towards Speynings, tired and hoarse with our exer-

tions. Lord Lascelles had been most strenuous in talking, laughing, joking, and had certainly been of great assistance; but there was an absent air about him when we were all riding together, which I could not fail to notice.

"I have just been thinking, Spencer," said the gay, good-humored Mannering, "that you enjoy a positive monopoly of beauty at Speynings. It is not fair at all to the rest of England. First, there is Mrs. Spencer. Consider that I cry '*chapeau bas*' when I name her. Then, Mrs. Maynard, who has the blackest hair, parted on the whitest forehead I have ever seen in woman. Then, lastly—by no means least—Miss Egerton: what a fine young woman!"

"Not exactly a fine young woman, Mannering; she is so very small."

"Yes, I know she is; but there is a manner, a pose of the head, nevertheless, that is very fine. There is something so frank and true in her expression; and you remember those lines,

"And truth might for its mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue."

"No."

"I dare say not; Scott is not appreciated as he was in my days. Well, as I said before, it isn't fair; and were I a younger man, I think I should try to carry off the single lady at all events. What say you, Lascelles?"

"I beg your pardon; I did not hear you. What were you talking about?"

"Miss Egerton's beauty."

"Ah!"

Mannering looked at him with surprise at the listless "Ah!" and then shrugged his shoulders, and muttering something which sounded like "soft in the head," went on with me.

We were now on the grounds of Speynings, and saw that some of the ladies had come out to meet us. We had to undergo a storm of questioning and congratulation and expostulation before we were allowed to dismount. At last we did so, and I went in. I did not see Marian. I was told she and Nina were on the terrace.

I was glad to be alone for a few minutes. I threw myself on a chair, and buried my face in my hands. I had been interested and amused with my morning's work while I was employed in it; but now I thought not of ambition and its prospects; the bitter

taste of the Dead Sea fruit was making itself felt; and, in the reaction, after work, its acrid flavor was perceptible and nauseous. To the hardest man there is a pang in the conviction that there is no love in his life. Very subtly and imperceptibly had I acquired this knowledge; but it was there. As I sat brooding over the consciousness, I heard sounds of merriment on the terrace.

In the library, where I was sitting, a large window, or rather glass door, communicated with a flight of steps which led to the terrace. Half mechanically I went toward it, glad to escape from myself.

A good many of the party were assembled there, and Nina was running about, flashing in and out among them, like a bright-colored butterfly, so gay was her dress, so light her step. Marian was there too, leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, and bending over to feed a peacock below. The bird was a magnificent one, and wheeled about in the most stately manner, the rays of the setting sun glittering on his plumage and crested head with a most dazzling effect. Marian's figure was grace itself as she thus stood, with the royal bird following every motion of her white hand. I could see her distinctly from where I was: and I saw Lord Lascelles, with all the fatigue and ennui off his face, standing beside her, conversing with her.

Mannering was not many yards off, talking to the others, and there was nothing which the most jealous or suspicious husband could have the hardihood to cavil at. Yet I clenched my hands, and there was a curse at my heart, if not on my lips, as I turned abruptly away.

The indolent nonchalance of Marian's attitude was so familiar to me: it was thus she allowed the poor fool whom her beauty had bewitched to gaze upon it with supreme indifference as to the result. Had any one warned her, she would have answered, "Why blame me that I am fair?" and with the same inexorable logic as Vittoria Corambona she would have argued:

"So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drowned himself in't."

But I started at myself, as these lines rose to my mind. Did I place on the same evil equality the beauty I had so worshipped, and

the baleful fascinations of "the White Devil?"

If, as Stendahl tells us, Love is crystallization, the process through which the poor bare twig is invested with its glittering jewels and exquisite form, is not more instantaneous than that which dissolves the charm and reduces it to its naked insignificance—in some cases to its repulsive worthlessness.

But this is folly, I thought. I am getting morbid. That letter unhinged me, and poisoned my interpretation of Marian's words to Lascelles. He may admire her, as all must; but let me be fair, and give her the credit of having more taste and good sense than to distinguish a person who has nothing but the handle to his name to make him remarkable. Without vanity, I may flatter myself that in all else I am his equal, if not superior. I cannot think so ill of her judgment as not to be aware of this.

Alas! was I yielding to the Warburtonian delusions! Into what abysmal depths of blind conceit is it allotted to husbands always to fall! How easily we forget that in all matters of mere flirtation the status of husband is, *per se*, a disadvantage, and that to a coquette there is a more racy flavor in the admiration of the veriest fool than in the legitimate homage of the man who has bestowed on her his name. However, I tried to rouse myself. I made a resolution not to be oppressed by shadows, but to prove myself a man who would not delude himself, or allow others to deceive him. There might have been something in my own behavior lately which had insensibly chilled Marian. It should be amended. A certain kind of desperation gave me courage. It was, after all, an overwhelming sorrow to see the idol to which so many costly oblations had been offered crumbling into the dust. There was pain in every good and in every evil fibre of my nature at witnessing its fall, and I would save it if I could.

That day, at dinner, I made an effort to be more cheerful than usual. I was usually a very silent person, but I now exerted myself, and was as animated and brilliant as Mannering. We were all merry, with the exception of Lascelles, who cut a poor figure amongst us, leaning back in his chair, stroking his moustache.

Marian joined in the conversation, and appeared amused by it.

Mannering was praising extravagantly the beauty of her sister.

"Yes. Nora is very handsome, and yet I remember, when a child, my poor mother was in despair about her personal appearance. She was very dark, the only one of us who *was* dark, and I believe the nurses thought she must be a changeling. But it was quite the case of the ugly duckling. It was marvellous how she improved as she grew up, till she was at last always recognized as the beauty of the Comptons."

"Her coloring is wonderful, the very red lips, the clear paleness of the cheek, and the jet black hair."

"Yes; and it is rare in England, where the hair, eyes, and skin are rather in harmony than in abrupt contrast."

These words were very simply, gently said, but they did not enhance the beauty they spoke of.

"And by way of showing how varied is beauty, there is Miss Egerton, whose face and form are in so different a type."

"Yes; Miss Egerton is the perfection of prettiness. She always reminds me of a shepherdess on Sèvres china, so delicate and mignonne."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Spencer; there is more mind in her face, more character, and, above all, more will. Watteau's shepherdesses are all roses and hoops."

"Well, I should say, dressed in that style, there would be a resemblance. At all events, nothing can be prettier than she is."

Again—was it the tone, or what subtle meaning was there in the words that was antagonistic to a favorable impression. In spite of myself, I answered her with some asperity:

"Fanny's beauty is not only undeniable, but it is singularly expressive of herself. That limpid purity of complexion, and that exquisite regularity of outline, are symbolical, I think, of great innocence of heart, and an inexpressible genuineness, if I may so term it, of character."

"I quite agree with you, Spencer," said Mannering.

"And so do I," said Marian; "it is, as I said before, consummate prettiness." And with a smile which circled the whole table, but which rested, I fancied, for a moment on Lascelles, she rose and left the room.

We drew our chairs closer after the ladies

had left the room, and resumed our political conversation. I threw myself into it with an ardor and zeal which quite delighted my immediate partisans. Some of the party, however, slipped away, and at last, none but those more immediately concerned were left. We arranged our plans for the next few days, and drew up an address. While thus occupied, a letter was brought in to me. It was from Maynard. He told me that the contest would be a sharp one, the other candidate was already in the field, and we must bestir ourselves. He mentioned some voters living in an outlying farm at some distance whom he thought we had better sound as early as possible. The letter was most friendly. We determined to set off the next morning, Mannering and I alone, and then we adjourned to the drawing-room.

Tea had long been over, and we had heard music. We reached the door in time to hear Lord Lascelles conclude a masterly prelude, and then in a mellow, cultivated tenor sing the following love-song:—

“Heart to heart, and lip to lip,
Bend thine eyes on mine!
Let me feel thy lashes sweep
With their curve divine,
O’er thy cheek and mine.

“Let me feel thy bosom’s throbbing:
Start not, child, at mine!
Wouldst thou hush its bitter sobbing,
Soothe this heart of mine?—
Let it break ’gainst thine!

“Closer, closer, let thy breath,
Balm vapor, blend with mine;
Thus united, pitying Death
Pauses over mine—
Merged, absorbed in thine.

“Loose thy hair in glittering fold,
Angelwise o’er mine—
Let the mingled black and gold
(Light and shade) entwine,
Like thy fate and mine!

“Guiltless now our fond caresses,
Thou art wholly mine!
Death anoints the brow he presses,
And the shining sign
Seals me his and thine!”

It was a beautiful, passionate air, and he sang it with an expression which gave force to his words.

Some of the ladies whispered together behind their fans.

“*Tant soit peu leste,*” said one man into Mannering’s ear.

Mannering shrugged his shoulders, and touched his forehead significantly.

“Something wrong there or here,” he said, tapping his own broad breast.

Marian looked with surprise towards the piano, and when the player, after a pause, began some wild march, an almost imperceptible smile passed over her lips.

I noticed, however, that during his stay at Speynings, Lascelles never sang again, during the evenings. I sometimes heard him in the morning, when the audience was entirely feminine.

To a person so morbidly self-conscious as I was, it was not strange that when I went down stairs again to write some letters ere I went to bed, I thought over the feelings which the day had called forth; but through all and over all was the wonder that with the grief, with the pain, with the resentment, there came no soft, relenting, yearning feelings of love. Love was dead. Its mermaid caves, its siren halls, its nereid songs were over, and dark amidst the waves of life rose the new earth which had been slowly amassed beneath the waters. Vague suspicion, accusing memories, slow experience, had dropped their unhallowed seed, till the whole had accumulated into one stratum of alienation.

But though love was dead, I avowed myself jealous. There is a jealousy which is of love, there is a jealousy which is of pride. *I knew Marian.* I knew that what the world called honor was safe; but I was not prepared to go through a drama similar to that of the Grange and of Vienna; but with the parts changed. Lascelles must go, and it would not be my fault if he returned.

Before I left the library, I took out my mother’s letter from the drawer in which I had placed it, and unlocking an old desk of hers, which contained some of her papers, I touched the spring of a secret drawer in which I intended to place it. The drawer was empty, with the exception of an ornament which I had been accustomed to see her wear, and which she must have placed there with her own hands, and had afterwards forgotten. It was a small diamond cross. The diamonds were very fine, and set in dark blue enamel. On a label attached to the cross were the words:—

“For Fanny.”

I was rejoiced at this. I was glad that Fanny should possess what she must value as having belonged, and been almost identified with one she so loved, and I was more than glad that Marian would never wear it. I determined to take it, or send it to the rectory the next day.

ZAGONYI.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

BOLD Captain of the Body-Guard,
I'll troll a stave to thee!
My voice is somewhat harsh and hard,
And rough my minstrelsy.
I've cheered until my throat is sore
For how our boys at Beaufort bore;
Yet here's a cheer for thee!

I hear thy jingling spurs and reins,
Thy sabre at thy knee;
The blood runs lighter through my veins,
As I before me see
Thy hundred men, with thrusts and blows,
Ride down a thousand stubborn foes,
The foremost led by thee.

With pistol snap and rifle crack—
Mere *salvos* fired to honor thee—
Ye plunge, and stamp, and shoot, and hack
The way your swords make free;
Then back again—the path is wide
This time—ye gods! it was a ride,
The ride they took with thee!

No guardsman of the whole command
Halts, quails, or turns to flee;
With bloody spur and steady hand
They gallop where they see
Thy leading plume stream out ahead,
O'er flying, wounded, dying, dead;
They can but follow thee.

So, captain of the Body-Guard,
I pledge a health to thee!
I hope to see thy shoulders starred,
My Paladin; and we
Shall laugh at fortune in the fray,
Whene'er you lead your well-known way
To death or victory!

—Philadelphia Press.

THE WIDOW OF WORCESTER COUNTY,
(EDWARDS' FERRY.)

BY "S. W."

LAST spring, when Frank had fed the ploughed
and harrowed ground with seed,
A fearful cry tore by us with the South wind's
winged speed;
But we hoped it was a nightmare, till the news
was brought from town,
That the horde of Charleston traitor-knaves had
shot our banner down.
In my bitter grief and anguish keen, I felt the
ancient ire
Of Bunker Hill and Lexington course through
my veins like fire,
Till, as lightnings cease when breaks the dark
cloud's heart upon the land,
I wept when, on my thin gray locks, I felt
Frank's manly hand,

And saw my grandsire's musket gleam within
his clenched grip,
And read the clear and stern gray eye that chid
the quivering lip;
Read that the eye would smile no more until it
saw the foe,
Whilst the lips were loth to shape the words,
"Dear mother, I must go."
So I sealed them with a kiss, dried up my tears,
and filled his sack,
And, at dawn, upon his home my only darling
turned his back.
As he kissed my cheek at parting, he whispered
in my ear,
"Do not let my Ruth forget me, though I stay
away a year."
Our garden's yield was plenteous, and the
meadow filled the mow,
And Ruth came over twice a day to milk our
only cow.
The rye that Frank had sown sprang up and
turned from green to gold,
But a stranger's flail, within the barn, its mas-
ter's absence told.
Whilst the hireling reaped the grain, I shud-
d'ring thought, but held my breath,
How busy in Virginia was the sickle keen of
Death!
Thus the troubled summer sped, our note of
time the weekly cheer
Of his letters; and we kissed them when they
reckoned half a year.
Yesterday I heard our boys had crossed the
broad Potomac's flow;
Ruth was reading of the streams where Babel's
weeping willows grow,
When a dove perched on the line through which
flash before our gate
Words of sorrow or of gladness for the people
and the State.
On that lightning-chord the South breeze sighed
a sad *Æolian* moan,
And my heart grew sick, on looking up, to see
the dove had flown.
Neighbors say there's been a battle, and that we
have lost again;
Was that dove my poor boy's spirit? Is his
name among the slain?

New York, Oct. 26, 1861.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

MARK xi., 22.

I LOVE to think that God appoints
My portion day by day;
Events of life are in his hand;
And I would only say:
"Appoint them in thine own good time,
And in thine own best way;"
All things shall mingle for my good,
I would not change them if I could,
Nor alter thy decree.
Thou art above, and I below!
"Thy will be done! and even so,
For so it pleaseth thee!"

—Mrs. Waring.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

FORGOTTEN NOVELS.

OF all mental occupations that of the composition of poems, novels, or romances, by individuals not destined to acquire reputation, is the most uncalled-for, the most profitless, and the least gratifying to the author, when the first pleasure of seeing himself in type has evaporated. Sweet is the applause of a crowded audience to actor or orator; very bitter their disapprobation. The eager yearning for the sympathy and esteem of our fellow-creatures is the passion that rules the writer at his desk, as well as the actor on his stage, and the orator on his platform. But when he finds, by the blame or neglect of the organs of public opinion, or, worse still, the very limited sale of his work, the narrowness of the circle within which he has been able to please or interest; and when he further reflects on the time, and research, and mental toil, that were necessary to produce the valueless work (valueless, at least, as to its success), all that remains for him, if he be a modest man, is mortification or disgust. If he be wise as well as modest, he gives another direction to his faculties, and forswears the thankless, self-imposed task of endeavoring to become the central object of public opinion and attention, and finds some suitable occupation for such talents as he really possesses.

But woe to the friends and acquaintances of the unsuccessful, but obstinate and self-complacent man of letters, whether poor or rich; the poor man possessing a double power of boredom. The acquaintances of Dives are punished only to the extent of turning over the leaves, and (if conscience allow) giving undeserved praise to the performance; but the friends of poor Lazarus, along with these inconveniences, find themselves disagreeably affected in that sensitive portion of their compound nature—their pockets. Dives, however, is not so useless in his generation after all. He pays his bills like a man; and the industrious makers of paper, and ink, and mill-boards, manufacturers of calf, Russia, and morocco, printers, engravers, and bookbinders, find employment through his good opinion of his own abilities. Besides, if Dives had not taken so diligently to his desk, he might perhaps have got into mischief, the more

mischievous to his fellow-creatures as he is a man of mark and wealth.

Then with reference to the case of Lazarus. If not a man of genius, he at least possesses an active mind; activity of mind, in most natures, is consistent only with inactivity of body;—inactivity of body is the distinctive mark of the lazy man;—and the lazy man, when not employed doing nothing, is surely occupied doing ill. Consequently, Lazarus is doing less harm tagging rhymes or manufacturing new stories out of old ones, than if writing begging letters, falsifying accounts, or imitating the autographs of respectable men on stamped paper. It may, perhaps, be objected that Lazarus, though an unsuccessful author, might make a decent bank clerk, or assistant in a monster house, or inspector of jaunting-cars; but the man we have in our eye, though devoid of needful genius, or even talent, possesses literary taste, and is affected by the itch of writing; and if not permitted to write, he will do worse for a certainty.

Let us, however, turn our eyes from ungifted Dives and ungifted Lazarus, and at the risk of being dazzled, fix them on the possessor of genius, the exalted above his brothers, whose name is familiar wherever his language is spoken or understood, who holds the heart-strings of millions in his left hand, who reads his praises in journals without number, and who, when he enters the public assembly, sees round him a sea of admiring and friendly countenances, and drinks in with his ears exclamations redolent of admiration and attachment.

But is such a person to be blessed above all human kind? Is his lot an exception to the mingled condition of humanity? What has he done that he should be thus singled out from his fellow-men? Patience! there are serious drawbacks. Is it nothing that the voices of unsuccessful rivals be raised in choruses of disparagement, of dispraise, of obloquy? that he must task his imaginative powers to the utmost, so that the new production may, if not excel, at least equal its forerunners? that the atmosphere breathed by his mental faculties must be of a more stimulating quality than that used by more ordinary minds, and thus shorten the term of healthy life? that he is in some sort an isolated being, and as such, shut out from the enjoyments and comforts of domestic

life? that he must submit to see the world of letters deluged by innumerable wretched imitations of his style, and exaggerations of his faults and defects, and that exertions, such as he is ceaselessly urged to make, result, in the decline of life, in the serious injury or loss of the powers of the mind?

But between the mere aspirants and the genius-endowed men fated to delight and instruct successive generations, come those whose works enjoy a certain popularity in their own time, are neglected by the children of their contemporaries, and are nearly unknown in the third generation. A living person cognizant of the variety and amazing number of the novels which have been issued since 1830, and immediately forgotten, and striving to make himself master of novel statistics from 1760 to 1830, will be enabled to guess at the vast number of volumes issued during that period.

Old catalogues and the *Censura Literaria* will give an idea of the tons and tons of literary rubbish, including some really meritorious works, which passed a few times from the circulating shelves, made their way in odd volumes to old book stalls, and finally to the paper mills, or kitchen grates.

It is discouraging to reflect on the small number of the works in question, published last century, that are now considered worthy of republication. The "*Vicar of Wakefield*" is still read by old and young. Smollett's and Fielding's novels continue in favor with people who think they may safely read anything, and with youths whose mental taste resembles that of lovers of wild fowl a little on the turn. "*Pamela*" may keep company with these (the good intention of the author notwithstanding); and "*Sir Charles Grandison*," and "*Clarissa Harlowe*,"* will continue to be acceptable on desert islands, and in the parlors of country inns in rainy weather. "*Amelia*," "*Sir Launcelot Greaves*," and "*Humphrey Clincker*," are presentable even in the staid reunions of this nineteenth century.

The "*Rasselas*" of Dr. Johnson, and the novels of Mme. de Arblay are still taken up by readers advanced in years, who cannot forget the agreeable associations of youth and freedom from care connected with their

* Our want of partiality for these novels is not owing to want of interest in the story, nor want of talent in the writer, but to their dreadful length.

perusal long ago; but our youth are too much occupied with "*Dead Secrets*," and "*Women in White*," and "*Strange Stories*," and "*Philips' Ways in the World*," and "*Great Expectations*," with their movement, picturesqueness, brisk and animated conversations, and exciting plots—too much occupied, we repeat, to spare time for the sentimentalities, and skim-milk dialogues, and slow progress encountered in parts of the fascinating Fanny's fashionable novels.

The business of this paper is not so much with the works of authors still read; it is rather with those that are half or wholly forgotten, but which were either possessed of some worth, or characteristic of their times. It is a pitiable thing to find all memory of a work, the result of anxious meditation, of just thought, of close observation, and of a lively fancy, as much forgotten as if it had never been called into existence. λ

The good George Berkeley, D.D. and Bishop of Cloyne, found time, amid his religious and charitable duties, and the publishing of his essays on Tar-water, Infidelity, the true principles of Vision, and the difficulty of proving your hand or foot to possess substance—to write a philosophical story. An officer of the Inquisition gives an account to his friend of a stranger who had been settled some time at Bologna, and whom that body had taken into custody in order to learn the particulars of his past life, and whether he was in reality a "good Catholic," or a Jew or Mussulman in disguise.

"His name, as he says, is Gaudentio di Lucca. He is a tall, handsome, clean-built Man † as you shall see in a Thousand, of a very Polite Address, and something very engaging in his Aspect as bespeaks your Favor at first Sight. . . . He speaks almost all the Oriental Languages, and has a very competent Share of other Parts of Learning as that of his Profession. . . . There was an elderly Lady we thought had been his Wife, but it proved she was not: a Foreigner for whom he seemed to have a great Respect, and her Maid a Foreigner also, and an elderly Maid Servant of the Town. We let him alone for some time having a person under our Examination on suspicion of being a Jew in Masquerade and a spy from the Grand Signor, which kept us employed for some time. . . . At length talking with one of Our Spies one Day about Foreign Coun-

* In this extract no alteration has been attempted in the use of the capital letters.

tries, he said he had met with a Nation in one of the remotest Parts of the World, who though they were Heathens, had more Knowledge of the Law of Nature and common Morality than the most civilized Christians. . . . Another Time, as he had a great Knowledge in Philosophy, he dropt some words as if he had some skill in Judiciary Astrology, which you know, Sir, is a Capital Crime with us. We were as good as resolved to seize him, when we were determined to it by the following Accident. Two of the most beautiful Women in all Bologna had fallen in Love with him, either on account of the Handsomeness of his person, or by a Whimsicalness peculiar to some Women because he was a Stranger, . . . or in fine, drawn in by some Love Potion or other, we can't tell. . . . On his showing more Favor to one than the other, this one, to be revenged, said he had bewitched her, . . . for since the very first time she saw him she thought there was something more in him than she ever saw in any Man in her Life. Besides, she said she had often found him drawing Circles and Figures on Paper which to her looked like conjuration."

So the poor signor is brought before the Inquisition, to whom he gives an account of his parentage, etc., and particularly of his having been brought through captivity and divers strange adventures, among a most exemplary nation of sun-worshippers in Africa. The Inquisitors are seized with a desire to convert the well-disposed race to Christianity, and they give Gaudentio liberty to travel for a twelvemonth, by way of testing his truth. If he return voluntarily, they will send missionaries under his guidance to convert these heathens. This framework furnishes the good and learned prelate with an opportunity of giving utterance to many a word of deep wisdom and judicious remark on the mythology and government of the old Pagans. Our copy of the *Gaudentio di Lucca* is dated, Dublin, 1738; printer—G. Faulkner.

"*Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*," though exhibiting much vigor in description and happy delineation of character, is not likely to be reprinted. The coin, or rather its genius, has an opportunity, while passing from hand to hand, to become acquainted with the characters, the virtues and vices of the public characters of the time, and the affairs of the State. The author, Charles Johnstone, an Irishman by birth, composed the work at Lord Mount Edgcombe's in

Devonshire, and published it about the year 1760. It came to the third edition in 1761. Ours is a Dublin copy, 1767. Many things of an objectionable character are described without any apparent ill intention, and considerable prejudice and unfairness are shown in sketching public men. Thus the zealous and self-denying Whitfield is treated very unjustly. The Atheistic Frederic—Voltaire's Frederic—prays like Steele's Christian Hero, and the Jews celebrate the Passover by the immolation of a Christian child. Johnstone had his *Marquis of Steyne* as well as the author of "*Vanity Fair*," in the Earl of Sandwich. He went to India in 1782, and died there in good circumstances in 1800, in the 70th year of his age.

The "*Castle of Otranto*," of which only slight mention is necessary, as the merits of the work and the rank and fame of the author, Horace Walpole, have preserved its reputation for a century, was issued in 1764. It was a happy attempt to combine an interesting story with a glimpse of life in the feudal times, and invest both with interest of a fearfully supernatural character. It was the earliest specimen in England of the genuine feudal romance after the dreadful tedious folio romances of Calprenede and the Scuderi had been banished by the productions of Smollett, and Fielding, and Richardson.

The authoress of "*The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph*," was the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Daughter of a clergyman, who did not see the necessity of even having her taught to read, she acquired literary fame by her writings. In her youth she was not allowed to be present at a theatrical performance, yet she became the wife of an accomplished actor.

Frances Chamberlayne was born in the year 1724. She received her first lessons from her brothers, and at the age of fifteen composed a romance, "*Eugenia and Adelaide*." When Thomas Sheridan, son of Swift's Dr. Sheridan, manager of the Dublin theatre, was an object of persecution to some hot-blooded bucks of the day, for having struck one of their companions in defence of an actress of his company, Miss Chamberlayne and the newspapers took up the quarrel in great excitement. Miss Chamberlayne sent some verses to one of the journals, extolling the conduct of the chivalrous manager. This was in the year 1746. Mr.

Sheridan and his fair champion being subsequently introduced to each other, were united in marriage in 1747. Richard Brinsley, her third son, was born 1751. Her daughter Alicia, born in 1753, acquired a reputation for literary abilities.

"Sidney Bidulph" was published in 1761, when Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan were residing in London, and enjoying the society of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, Samuel Richardson, Sarah Fielding, sister to Henry, and authoress of "David Simple," the beautiful and witty Mrs. Cholmondeley—the *Lady Anne Wilmot* and *Belle Fermor* of two of Mrs. Brooke's novels, Mrs. Macaulay, and others. In 1764 the family removed to France, and settled at Blois, Mr. Sheridan being at the time in the enjoyment of a pension of £200. Her death took place in 1767.

Mrs. Sheridan was much beloved by her family and intimate acquaintance, a proof of her naturally good disposition. She was warm in temper, as most really tender-hearted people are, and was genuinely religious. We have had the pleasure of looking on her portrait, attired in the ugly costume of her day, the features expressive of thought and goodness.

It was our fortune to meet the "Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph," long since in the country, where books were few, and the wayward undeserved destiny of *Orlando Faulkland* troubled us for many a day. We should not recommend the plan of the work to a novel writer of our day. The lady and gentleman seem designed by their good qualities, accomplishments, personal merits, and mutual love, each to complete the worldly happiness of the other; but once on the eve of marriage, and again after being actually married, they are cruelly separated. Now, if the agents of evil were wild beasts, feudal barons, earthquakes, or thunder storms, we might perhaps be reconciled. But no. A hasty prejudiced mother will not condescend to read an unsealed letter lying in her hand. The well-principled Orlando marries a worthless woman from a mistaken sense of duty and a feeling of compassion, and thus entails certain misery on himself and her whom he still adores, when all might be prevented by his merely acquainting his bosom friend, the brother of Sidney, with what he was going to do.

The novel consists of a series of letters,

and the general style is that which would be adopted by well-educated ladies and gentlemen in communicating domestic news of an interesting nature to absent friends. There is no attempt at fine writing, and the reader feels no want of it. His wishes are interested, from near the beginning of the first volume, in the hoped-for union of Orlando and Sidney; and there is always some vista left open, through which the expected light may agreeably flash in at some moment to dissipate the sad obscurity in which the interests of the lovers are involved. The characters in the tale are not very numerous, and are all distinctly marked. The progress of the story is seldom at a stand-still, and the incidents, though commonplace, are well introduced, and interest the reader, every one suitably preparing for the catastrophe. There are scattered through the work several sketches of domestic life in the middle and next higher class. The authoress was remarkable for her conversational powers, and there is some talking scattered through the work; but the tale was too earnest in character to endure a profusion of wit or humor. There are a few glimpses of quiet humor here and there, but no specimens whatever of flippancy and smartness, so frequent in the novels of Miss Burney and Mr. Richardson. Orlando is always spoken of as a character imperfect and impetuous in disposition, but he has the reader's earnest sympathy throughout. Sidney's misfortunes are imputed to fate—the fate of novelists; but we could easily point out instances where her own want of a firm constant purpose was much to blame. Perhaps the authoress intended to show that the obedience due by young ladies to their parents should have certain limits where marriage is in question. A small portion is given of the heroine's letter in reference to her feelings towards her proposed lover.

"Cecilia, if I am in love with him, I do not yet know it myself. I will repeat it to you—I think him the most amiable of men, and should certainly give him the preference if I were left to a free choice, over all the rest of his sex—at least all that I have ever yet seen. Possibly there may be handsomer, wiser, better men, but they have not fallen within my observation. I am not, however, so prepossessed in his favor as to suppose him a phoenix; and if any unforeseen event were to prevent my being his, I am sure I

should bear it, and behave very handsomely.

"And yet, perhaps, this may be bragging like a coward, because I think a very short time will put it out of the power of fortune to divide us. Still I endeavor to keep a guard over my wishes, and will not give my heart leave to centre *all* its happiness in him, and therefore I cannot rank myself among the first-rate lovers who have neither eyes, nor ears, nor sensations, but for one object. *This*, Mr. Falkland says, is his case in regard to me. But I think we women should not love at such a rate till duty makes the passion a virtue; and till that becomes my case, I am determined not to let love absorb any of the other cordial affections which I owe to my relations and my friends."

Mrs. Sheridan's beautiful story of "Nour-jahad," who is in the end practically convinced that obtaining all our desires in this life would only conduce to our utter misery, has found its place among the British classic tales.

The Abbé Prévost, author of "Manon L'Escout" and the "Dean of Coleraine," translated the novel of "Sidney Bidulph" into French, with the title of "Mémoires d'une Jeune Dame." It met with great success, as did also a drama founded on a portion of the story. Our copy of the novel is the fourth edition; Chamberlayne, College-green, 1782.

The "Old Manor House" still has a hold on vitality—at least such vitality as is conferred by the Dotheboys press of Halifax. The other novels of Charlotte Smith, though enjoying such taking titles as "Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle," "Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake," are now only inquired for by the few surviving patrons of the library of Leadenhall Street, so long protected by its leaden-spearèd Minerva. In one respect the literary caterers for our grandmothers soared much beyond living novelists—the invention of good titles. A volume published by Anne Lemoine, Coleman Street, date unknown, entitled "Wild Roses"—a volume the delight of our boyhood, and still most precious from early associations, boasted names which would never have blessed the imaginations of even our living princes in the art; let them read these titles, and never presume to invent another:—"Twelve o'Clock, or the Three Robbers;" "The Monks of Cluny, or Castle

Acres Monastery;" "The Tomb of Aurora, or the Mysterious Summons;" "The Mysterious Spaniard, or the Ruins of St. Luke's Abbey;" "Barbastal, or the Magician of the Forest of Bloody Ash!"

It might be thought from the titles that "Emmeline" and "Ethelinde" were wild romances, but they are, on the contrary, conversant with the concerns of ordinary life, present striking pictures of individual character, and pleasing sketches of scenery, peculiar to the southern coasts of England, exhibit passages of humor and satire, and treat the virtue of constancy to our first love in a very worldly and prudent style. It must be owned that the writer's humor is rather of a grim fashion. Indulged during her girlhood in unrestrained access to works of fiction, and the chief part of her time taken up with balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure, she made an unsuitable match, and after some time was reduced to great straits by the results of an absurd will of her father-in-law, and the misconduct of her husband. Brought up as she had been, she still fought a most heroic battle for the maintenance and education of her children, and most of her works, amounting to twenty in all, were written for that sole purpose. It is not to be wondered at that the plots of some are not very consistent, being constructed among household cares and business distractions. She incurred some blame for making a translation of the Abbé Prévost's notorious work, and for the spirit of her novel, "Desmond," savoring a little of Godwin, and Mary Wolstonecraft, and Mme. de Staël's "Delphine."

Charlotte Turner was born in May, 1749, at Bignor, in Sussex, was married to Mr. Smith, son of a West India merchant, February, 1765, and died October, 1805. Her selections from the "Causes Célèbres" were published in 1786; "Emmeline," 1788; "Ethelinde," 1789; "The Old Manor House," 1793, and "Rural Walks," 1796.

Mrs. Anne Radcliffe and her romances need small notice. Her works are still sought, and much has been written on herself and the school of romance of which she is considered the founder. This idea is not thoroughly correct. All her preternatural doings, with one exception, are shams; and before they made their appearance we had the genuine ghostly terrors of the "Castle

of Otranto," and the impressive apparition of the defunct Lord Lovel in Clara Reeves' "Old English Baron," which was published in 1777. Our youthful disappointments in the impotent conclusion of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and in the non-clearing up of some of her other mysteries, was extreme. On our first acquaintance with *Udolpho*, which was forcibly interrupted after a quarter of an hour's reading, we got into the dark subterranean passage, and beheld by the light of the torch, which would on no inducement burn clear for ten seconds, the grim *Barnardino*, half dragging, half leading, the white-muslined heroine along. Oh, what a contrast between the russet-booted, flapped-hatted, buff-gauntleted, bearded brigand, the shrinking, terrified beauty! And what a scene of sweet terror, where she is reading the fearful tale in the large stately bed in a corner of the vast room, the flickering lamp flinging the immense shadows to the farther regions of the dim apartment, and the terrors of the story enhanced by these noises, so weak, yet so distinct in the palpable silence! Ah! what is that sudden click? what projects that awful shade? But oh, the paltry wax figure at the end! and oh, our youthful faith and trust so sadly abused!

Anne Ward, the daughter of respectable parents engaged in trade, was born 9th July, 1764, and married Mr. Radcliffe, a gentleman of the law, and graduate of Oxford, 1787. In 1794 she accompanied her husband on a tour through the Netherlands and West Germany. In 1800 occurred the deaths of her father and mother. Her own death took place on the 7th of February, 1823. She appears to have been of an amiable, retiring disposition, and very attentive to her household concerns; and by all that can be gathered from report of friends, herself and her husband enjoyed a tranquil life, varied only by summer excursions to different parts of the south of England. These are the names and dates of her works: "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," 1789; "Sicilian Romance," 1790; "Romance of the Forest," 1791; "Mysteries of Udolpho," 1794; "Journey through Holland," etc., 1795; "The Italian," 1797; "Gaston de Blondeville," "St. Alban's Abbey," etc., with an undoubted ghost, pos-

thumous, with preface by Sergeant Talfourd (qu.) 1826.

Mrs. Cholmondeley, the devoted friend of Mrs. Sheridan—so devoted, indeed, as to take a party of friends with her to the gallery on the first night of one of her dramatic pieces, in order to insure its success—was mentioned as figuring in two of Mrs. Brooke's novels. This lady wrote the "History of Lady Julia Mandeville," 1763; "Letters from Lady Juliet Catesby to Lady Henrietta Campley," "History of Emily Montague," "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix," and others, along with the successful musical piece of "Rosina." Her maiden name was Moore. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Brooke, died in 1789, and she survived him only a few days.

Of Henry Brooke, our countryman, we have less need of speaking, as his "Fool of Quality" has been lately republished under the friendly care of the Rev. Mr. Kingsley. He was born in 1708, and received his education in Trinity College. While residing in London in 1737, he wrote the drama of "Gustavus Vasa," which, however, was not at first allowed to be acted. In 1763 he established the still flourishing *Freeman's Journal*, first published at Audoen's-arch. The "Fool of Quality" was published in 1766, and "Juliet Grenville," 1774. He resided in the county Cavan in the decline of life. His death took place in Dublin, in the year 1783.

Plays, balls, and novels, have been likened, by a profound thinker, to mushrooms, of the best of which it can only be said that they are harmless; any use of the bad, and a too liberal use of the harmless, is sure to be mischievous. The eighteenth century was not distinguished by a religious spirit. The novels written for the amusement of an indelicate people were not likely to go out of their way to inculcate a Christian spirit and Christian practices; and novel writers, Christian at heart, such as Frances Sheridan and Charlotte Smith, thought they were doing best by saying as little as possible on the subject. Thus, an actor of a pious turn (let us hope there are many such), does not relish a part in which he would have to sing a hymn or say a prayer. Still, on the whole, immorality or infidelity were not recommended for general adoption. Those patrons

of the circulating libraries who did not think the native productions were sufficiently immoral or exciting, had the article required either in the original French or in an indifferent translation.

In 1774, the "Sorrows of Werter," set many a sentimental swain in the Slough of Despond, if his neighbor's wife would not prove less prudent than Charlotte, or if his nerves were not strong enough for suicide. When infidelity and unsanctified love came into fashion with the French Revolution, things became still worse. "Female Wretches," living in the bosoms of families, and writing to absent friends so many letters as would just complete a volume of their hopeless and unrequited loves for the married heads of the said families, and finally taking a dose of poison in the last page, drew floods of tears from sentimental youths and maidens, but did not tend to make them better men nor women.

William Godwin, having succeeded in extinguishing in his understanding the gift of heavenly light, and given his conscience a sleeping dose, rejoiced from afar at the Paris spectacle of 1793, and set about establishing the reign of evil on earth by the publication of his "Political Justice." He endeavored to strengthen the cause in 1797, by bringing out his "Examiner." In these he proved, to his own satisfaction, that nothing can be more injudicious than duty to parents, love to brothers or sisters in preference to unprincipled philosophers, fidelity to wife or husband, or abiding by marriage vows; furthermore, that by exerting our energies we should surmount human ills, and, in fact, renew the golden age on earth, every one living according to nature—all restraints removed. In his novels the mere naturally good feelings with which his nature was endowed, considerably modified these moral axioms; in consequence his fictions are much safer reading than his grave essays. Several scenes of description and action are powerfully described, but there is little unity of interest, and the result of their perusal is a feeling of unpleasantness and discomfort.

In his preface to "St. Leon," a story of the class to which "Salathiel" and "Zanoni" belong, he puts his readers in a better disposition towards him by this avowal of a modification in the extreme views avowed in his essays;—

"Some readers of my graver productions will, perhaps, in perusing these little volumes, accuse me of inconsistency, the affections and charities of private life being everywhere in this publication a topic of the warmest eulogium, while in the "Political Justice" they seemed to be treated with no indulgence and (or ?) favor. . . . But for more than four years I have been anxious for opportunity and leisure to modify some of the earlier chapters of that work, in conformity to the sentiments inculcated in this. Not that I see any cause to make any change in the system there delivered, but that I apprehend domestic and private affections inseparable from the nature of man, and from what may be styled culture of the heart, and not incompatible with a profound and active sense of justice in the mind of him that cherishes them . . . A sound morality requires that nothing human should be regarded by us as indifferent, . . . and true wisdom will recommend to us individual attachments, for with them our minds are more strongly maintained in activity and life; and it is better that a man should be a living being, than a stock or a stone (wonderful discovery!) True virtue will sanction this recommendation, since it is the object of virtue to produce happiness, and since the man who lives in the midst of domestic relations, will have many opportunities of conferring pleasure, minute in the detail, yet not trivial in the amount, without interfering with the purposes of general benevolence."

Godwin, notwithstanding his erroneous opinions, was the son of a dissenting clergyman, and had discharged clerical functions himself. He was born at Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, 3d March, 1756. His "Caleb Williams," appeared 1794; *Memoirs of his wife, Mary Wolstonecraft*, 1798; "St. Leon," 1799; "Life of Chaucer," 1803; "Fleetwood," 1805. Besides these and others, he wrote histories of Greece, Rome, and England, and a Pantheon for the use of schools—excellent little works in their way. Probably to avoid the suspicion which parents and teachers would entertain towards works written by one of his peculiar notions, he placed the name "James Baldwin" on the title pages. He is represented as having been a man of a calm temperament, and kind disposition.

The lady, whose life and writings are now to be noticed, used her talents in a very different manner. The books she sent forth to the world were on the subject of Christian education, or works of fiction calculated to

assist the cause of virtue and religion. One was composed with the express object of furnishing an antidote to the poison so prevalent in the productions of Godwin.

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, was born at Belfast, 25th July, 1758, and at six years of age went to live with her uncle, a Mr. Marshal, near Stirling. In 1772 the family removed to Ingram's Crook, near Bannockburn. Her brother, an officer in the suite of Warren Hastings, returned to England in 1786. The information he gave her about the East Indies, was afterwards turned to account in her "Letters of a Hindoo Rajah." His death in 1793, and that of her uncle a short time before, left her very lonely. In 1804, she undertook the education of a Scottish nobleman's daughters. She resigned her charge after six months, but continued to take considerable interest in the young ladies. It was for their improvement that she wrote the "Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman." In 1812 she and her sister, Mrs. Blake, visited Ireland, and were very cordially received, especially at Bellevue, in Wicklow, the beautiful seat of Mr. Latouche. She died at Harrowgate, on the 23d of July, 1816.

Her "Letters of a Hindoo Rajah" appeared in 1796; "Memoirs of Modern Philosophers," 1800; "Memoirs of Agrippina," 1804; "Cottagers of Glenburnie," 1808.

The "Modern Philosophers" was designed to counteract the mischievous influence of Mr. Godwin's books. No one now feels much interested about Godwin, though his spirit, according to Pythagoras, has passed into one of the Essay-and-Review worthies; so the novel has not retained the popularity of the Glenburnie chronicle. Yet the story is interesting, the sentiments and principles are just, the dialogues lively, and the characters well drawn and individualized. A low born villain with some tincture of education, a philosopher by profession, an ill-educated, but amiable young lady, a flighty, scampish librarian, and one of his subscribers, poor little rickety Bridgetina, are the chief professors of the new philosophy. Biddy's mother, a clergyman's widow, has as an exalted notion of her daughter's abilities, but, on the whole, would be rather inclined to abide by Christianity; and between these and the estimable people of the history, the interest of the story is very well

maintained. It being out of the question to present an outline of the story we make an extract.

Poor Julia, the victim offered up on the altar devoted to the goddess of reason and the new philosophy, seemed doomed before her birth. Her mother had been

"A complete beauty: her features formed a model of the most perfect symmetry, which seemed never to have been discomposed by any impulsive motions of joy or grief, pain or pleasure. She not only attracted the notice of the gentlemen, but even escaped the envy of the ladies. With them she was a sweet girl, the sweetest girl in the world; as to beauty she was *quite a picture*."

"Captain S. soon found the latter part of the encomium to be more literally true than he could have wished. She was at all times equally sweet and equally silent. She received every mark of his attention with the most enchanting smile, but smiled just as enchantingly when he forbore to take any notice of her."

The captain escapes for a few weeks on pretence of grouse shooting, and his brother in arms, Captain Delmond, walks off with the fair insensible to Greta Green.

"Though the heart of Captain S. received no very deep wound from the loss of his mistress, the imperious voice of honor demanded revenge. The honor of Delmond was no less forward to give satisfaction. They met by appointment, and after mutual salutations and declarations of perfect good will, took aim at each other's hearts and fired their pistols. The first shot missed but the second was more successful. It took effect on each; and each after receiving his adversary's ball declared that he was satisfied. The seconds interposed, and pronounced that nothing could be more gentleman-like than their whole behavior."

The handsome villain, Vallatton, has some trouble with Julia, notwithstanding the defenceless state of her understanding. Her love of her father, and woman's innate modesty, shielded her for a time. Here are some of his arguments:—

"'Dear, enchanting enthusiast,' cried Vallatton, 'you are forsooth indebted to this gentleman (her father), because in the hateful spirit of monopoly, he chose by despotic and artful means to engross a pretty woman (her mother) to himself. . . . As for you, whatever he bestowed previous to his knowledge of your real worth, was a glaring proof of the most odious selfishness. Was it not

because he believed himself your father that he thus provided for you? In what a contemptible light does philosophy teach us to view this prejudice? [I ought to prefer no human being to another because that being is my father, my wife, or my son, but because, for reasons which equally appeal to all understandings, that being is entitled to preference. In a state of equality it will be a question of no importance to know who is the parent of each individual child. It is aristocracy, self-love, and family pride that teach us to set a value upon it at present.] * And for this offspring of aristocratic prejudice, this selfish affection which your father had for you because you were his, and not the offspring of perhaps a worthier man, he is entitled to your duty and your gratitude! Mistaken Julia! exert your energies to conquer prejudices so unworthy of you."

Room cannot be afforded for the humorous passages scattered through the work; for Mr. Glib's abandonment of wife and library, and Biddy's desertion of her mother for a voyage to the Gonaquis Hottentots, discovered by Le Vaillant or the scribe who assumed his name, in order to live agreeably to nature and Mr. Godwin. We do not relish the treatment given by the authoress to the ridiculous and ill-favored poor Bridgetina: she deserves pity rather than ridicule. However, there are no want of estimable, and, better still, interesting characters, through the meritorious and talented work, to secure the attention and sympathy of the mere novel reader.

"Anna St. Ives," and "Bryan Perdue," and other stories, by Holcroft, deserve mention for their homely, vigorous, old English, and well-connected incidents. Surely his was one of the most remarkable pursuits of knowledge under difficulties. He was born in 1745, and died in 1809. Son of a shoemaker and the mistress of a green stall, one of his earliest employments was the guidance of a fruit-laden ass through the country. From this he was changed, not promoted, to be an ostler at Newmarket, but joined his father at cobbling and making shoes after two years among the horses. In 1765 he proposed to teach youth at Liverpool; but within a twelvemonth, was again occupied with leather and waxed-ends. Even then he received five shillings for a column of essays from the *Whitehall Evening Post*. We find

* The portion in brackets is taken from the "Political Justice" of Godwin.

him next acting at the Dublin theatre and through the north of England on small salaries, till, in 1777, he found a patron in Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was afterwards of sufficient importance to be the object of prosecution for French revolutionary sympathies. He never became a good actor, but produced stirring tales and successful dramas, one of which, "The Road to Ruin," is still occasionally performed. Miss Cornelia E. Knight, whose autobiography met with a kind reception from the journals during the past year, wrote "M. Flaminius," a tale of the time of ancient Rome, translated the "Roman Nights," of Signor Verri, and gave a continuation to "Rasselas." Our copy of "Dinabas" is dated 1800, and is a good specimen of the typography of the time.

After a stirring season of adventures, *Rasselas* found a suitable bride, and *Nekayah* a suitable bridegroom. The massive gates securing the entrance to the happy valley were thrown open, and all the energies of the prince and his relatives directed towards the happiness of their people. The style of the great doctor is imitated here and there, but the heavy concluding triads of his sentences rather avoided. A few of *Rasselas'* parting words are presented:—

"Youth will vanish, health will decay, beauty fade, and strength sink into imbecility; but if we have enjoyed their advantages, let us not say there is no good, because the good in this world is not permanent. None but the guilty are excluded from, at least, temporary happiness; and if he whose imagination is lively, and whose heart glows with sensibility, is more subject than others to poignant grief and maddening disappointment, surely he will confess that he has moments of ecstasy and consolatory reflection that repay him for all his sufferings."

There are few of the novels and romances that were popular in our father's days, more easily met than those of Dr. John Moore, together with his Continental sketches. They must, at one time, have possessed great popularity. It is to be supposed that the number of their present readers is small; yet they are well worth perusal for their graphic power, and the insight they give into the social and political state of France, Germany, Italy, and the Peninsula in his days. He was born at Stirling in 1730, and at the age of seventeen went, under the Duke of Cum-

berland, to the Low Countries, to learn his business practically as a military surgeon. About 1773 he accompanied the young Duke of Hamilton on a tour, and remained on the Continent several years. In 1779 he published his "Views of Society in France, Switzerland, and Germany;" in 1781, his "Views of Society in Italy;" in 1789, his "Zeluco, or Various Views of Human Nature;" in 1795, his "Dissertation on the French Revolution;" in 1796 appeared "Edward;" in 1800, "Mordaunt;" and in 1803, he died at Richmond, regretted much by his acquaintance, on account of his social virtues. Many subjects are introduced in these views of human nature and of human society on the Continent that would scarcely be allowed to appear in similar works of our day; for whether we are more virtuous than Dr. Moore's contemporaries or not, we are, at all events, more circumspect in our language.

The "Beggar Girl," by Mrs. Bennett, was once as popular as the "Children of the Abbey." She retained her popularity to a point of time within twenty years. There is considerable briskness, mostly of a rough pattern, in the style, united with ease of construction; and there is no lack of adventure while the beggar is making her way out of rags into satin. There was no small share of sentiment diffused through fictional literature before 1800; however, stories full of adventure and movement were the favorites, and, among them, translations from the French. We retain a very pleasing impression of one of these—"The Adventures of a Busy Body," by the Chevalier Mouhy. It had a succession of the most pleasant and exciting adventures, and, if our recollection is reliable, was entirely unobjectionable. Political or religious essays, weakly disguised under a narrative form, many of which have sat as incubi on library shelves and the window-stools of housekeepers' rooms during the last thirty years, would not be looked at by a publisher in the good old times of which we speak. Other comparisons in the two periods correspond. Those who now throng to hear a lecture on the necessity of revolt against a well-intentioned, popular government, or on the career, and genius, and blunders, and tender heart of poor Oliver Goldsmith, would have been witnessing a cock-fight or a bull baiting, while Mrs. Bennett, in the

year 1794, was penning the following proem to "Ellen, Countess of Castle Howell:"—

"Four hundred miles distant from home, family, and friends—a stranger in a country where she was literally taken in—her spirit broken, her health impaired, her little fortune sinking;—the unoffending victim of a party who forgot their manhood to combine against the sex they were born to protect;—her domestic peace and *dearest pride* totally destroyed; what wonder female fortitude should sink under such accumulated ills?—and that as a resource from mental derangement, she sought in the airy regions of fancy, any subject which, by diverting thought from 'self,' might sometimes afford a temporary oblivion of sorrow!"

Had the authoress of the "Beggar Girl" flourished some fifty years later, she would console herself by lugging her persecutors (including Mr. Bennett in all probability), into a spicy novel, or by giving public lectures on legal abuses, and moving the Lord Chancellor whenever he prepared to take his ease on his uncomfortable bench.

It would be a useless search at this hour, that of discovering the causes of her "big sorrow" and secret grief—secret to us, but not to her contemporaries, nor to Mr. A. K. Newman, Minerva Press, Leadenhall Street. That patron of undeveloped fictional genius held on till within the last score years, when he retired to take some rest at Gravesend, at the ripe age of fourscore. From all that we can learn, he was an estimable citizen, and possessed judgment in his peculiar walk. Remnants of his stock, done up in cloth to have a modern air, were sent to the great auction-rooms in Dublin, Edinburgh, and other large towns, previous to handing over his good-will to his successor. At this day there is no representative of the old firm.

Mrs. Regina Maria Roche, we take for granted, was Irish by birth; the chief part of her life was spent in the county of Waterford. Of all her works, the "Children of the Abbey" alone has kept its ground among those publishers who decline acquaintance with copyright. Whatever the merits of her stories, they were not destitute of attractive titles, as will be evident from the subjoined list:—"The Vicar of Lansdowne," "The Maid of the Hamlet," 1793; "The Children of the Abbey," "Clermont," 1798; "The Nocturnal Visit," 1800; "The Discarded Son," "The Houses of Osmá and Almería,"

"The Monastery of St. Columb," 1812; "Trecothic Bower," 1813; "Castle Chapel," 1825; "Bridal of Dunamore," "Munster Cottage Boy," etc. The contents of some of these novels and romances were by no means so romantic as the titles would imply. There is considerable stir, and some humor in the "Castle Chapel." In the remote castle of St. Doulagh's, in Ulster, Aunt Agnes Flora Judith being troubled with the education of a nephew and niece, adopts the simple method recommended by Gall and Spurzheim. She finds that the cranium may be moulded in infancy into any desirable shape—one Indian tribe enveloping their brain in a sugar-loaf case, another in a cocoa-nut ditto, and an African race wearing their heads beneath their shoulders, on the authority of Othello, who ought to know—himself being a native of that region. These facts taken for granted, no more is necessary than to apply a metal cap to the child's head, leaving ample room and verge enough for the development of the desirable organs; none whatever for the budding of the baleful propensities. The young lady and gentleman are called in, and she addresses them:—

... "Dear children, before I read the sublime system of Gall and Spurzheim, I fancied man a free agent, endued with powers to discriminate between good and evil; but left to his own choice, with a knowledge of the rewards or penalties attached to it. I find, however, from these great men, Gall and Spurzheim, the contrary to be the case. . . . Man is sent into the world with organs of volition, that propel him as they please, either to evil or to good, according to the organs that preponderate, so that he can have no will of his own; but just like an automaton, when wound up, performs certain evolutions whether he will or no. . . . Happily, you are not *too* old for the evident remedy. All that remains to be done, ere I give orders for the metal caps, is to examine your craniums, in order to ascertain what bumps most require to be pressed on; the cutting off your hair, indeed, the close shaving of your heads will be necessary. Against this, I flatter myself, my dear children, your good sense will prevent your offering any objection.' . . . Eugene was nearly suffocated with laughter, while rage absolutely sparkled in the eyes of Grace at the thought."

Inveterate novel reader as we acknowledge ourselves to have been in our youth,

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we either did not or could not get through one of Francis Lathom's compositions; yet, whose romances were more welcome to the lazy, mindless devourers of fictional rubbish than his? He was a native of Norwich, and from 1799, when "Men and Manners" was published, to 1810, he had manufactured forty volumes at least. The latest of his stories that came under our notice are dated 1825. He had no power of presenting individual character—the language was bald and colorless, and the successive incidents and situations were frightfully unreal. He started a mystery at the beginning; and sending his men and women here and there, and making every new personage introduced tell his own story of unconnected adventures, and still tantalizing his unhappy clients with dark references to the grand secret, he spun out his three or four volumes, and the mystery cleared up at last was not worth a straw. We shall endeavor to give an outline of his "Midnight Bell."

Noble young hero's father is reported killed, and, as hero suspects, by his uncle. Hero's mother makes him take a solemn vow to revenge father's death. Hero hears a shriek in the night from mother's room. Mother rushes in next morning to his room, proclaims uncle's innocence, adjures him to fly away, and never look on her face again—the where she leaves to himself; and, with little money in his pocket, he quits his paternal halls, enlists as a common soldier, and when wars are over, gets work in a mine. Servant of gentleman visiting mine falls into a pit and is killed, that hero may get into gentleman's service. Meanwhile uncle disappears, mother dies by report, bell is heard to ring at midnight in S. W. tower, and no one is hardy enough to attempt entrance into castle yard or castle.

Hero now gets employment as sacristan in a nunnery (!), one of his duties being to hold the vessel of holy water to nuns and novices as they pass into church. Falls in love with novice; novice falls in love with him; find out her antecedents, which are of this color. Novice's mother native of Venice, her father, avaricious, wishes her to marry one man, she wishes to be married to another, this other happens to be hero's uncle in days past—is obliged to marry man she does not like—is very faithful to her vows—virtuous altogether; but visits man

she likes at *her aunt's*. Father sets on husband to waylay and kill lover. He makes the attempt, but dangerously wounds senator's son instead, and is obliged to fly. Unhappy wife escapes from unnatural parent's power in man's attire; gains the convent, is sheltered by the abbess, gives birth to future novice, and dies.

Now hero and novice prevail on chaplain of convent to unite them in holy marriage, and this he does after a little hesitation. They leave convent, and he becomes a fisherman. Neighboring good Baron's wicked nephew assails married novice's virtue in vain—gets ruffians to carry her away to an old ruin—regular robbers' hold; prepares to follow her after a day or so; virtuous Baron spoken to by hero, lays wicked nephew by heels; he is secured at home, and poor young wife secured in robbers' hold.

Meanwhile novice's father has fled to Paris, after assigning property to wicked father-in-law in trust, but who never trusts a penny of it out of sight. Exile lives by gambling; is taken up as Italian spy, lodged in Bastille, and undergoes an examination once in two or three years; gets a taste of question by torture on one occasion; makes escape to Germany, and as one of the robbers' gang, recognizes daughter in married novice. Married novice and father are escaping, but intercepted by wicked nephew, who has got out of bondage; hero appears when all is on point of being lost, and kills wicked nephew. Now hero, wife, and father to wife, approach hero's natal castle, long closed, and terrible with midnight sounding bell. Hero and follower try the adventure. Hero returns next morning to wife and father-in-law; has seen ghost of mother, who reproaches him with direful looks for disobeying command. Hero falls into fever; father-in-law gets into castle, finds mother alive. Mother had suspected uncle long ago of killing husband, and, therefore, had exhorted hero to revenge his death; and when son had heard shriek from mother's room, she had just stabbed husband to the heart,

mistaking him for uncle. Hence, order to son to quit castle, and never see her again (she might, however, have furnished him with travelling expenses), and hence, services for slain husband's soul every night, and clang of bell, to summon monks of neighboring convent to perform ceremony.

If we multiply Mr. Lathom's forty volumes by the thousand and forty novel writers who flourished, vegetated rather, along with him, and imagine, that the novel-reading public had to devour all that mess, dreadful their destiny would have been. But the Misses Porter had begun to contribute some healthier additions to the meal, in 1793, and Miss Edgeworth some more healthy still in 1798, and others followed their example; and thus was gradually pushed aside the unhealthy mass of mental diet, till Sir Walter Scott in 1814, joined the givers of the feast, and spread satisfaction and happiness over the countenances of all who paid for, or were invited to the entertainment.

To every one who aspires to hold pleasant communication with the souls of myriads of his fellow-beings through the medium of novel or romance, conceived with mental pain, and perfected with watchings and long labors, it may be of service to reflect on the now forgotten productions of thousands, who exercised their imaginative powers for the same purpose, did only negative good at best, and if their uncalled-for tasks were not fulfilled in accordance with the spirit of Christian morality, did absolute harm to the imaginative or unsteady youth whom they addressed, always so fond of escaping from the dusty, harsh ways of real life to the meadows, river sides, and landscape gardens of the land of romance. It is one thing to lose one's cares, and relax our strained thoughts, out of those hours that should be devoted to genuine labor of mind or body; but it is a different and a dismal thing, to be following with an excited imagination the wild and erroneous flights of the imagination of another, when mind or body should be occupied in some work of duty.

From The English Woman's Journal.
FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY, A.M., M.D., BOSTON, U. S.

WOMEN always have been and always will be physicians. Their sympathy with suffering, their quickness of perception, and their aptitude for the duties of the sick room, render them peculiarly adapted for the ministrations of the healing art. Let them have medical knowledge corresponding with their native abilities and they will excel, especially in the departments of practice which pertain to women and children.

The medical profession is incomplete and ineffective without female co-workers in promoting health and relieving sickness and suffering. While the doctor cannot be dispensed with, the doctress is no less essential to the physical well-being of society; and as three-fourths, probably, of the duties of the medical profession relate to women and children, there should be at least as many female as male physicians.

The preservation of health is a matter of more importance than its restoration; sanitary knowledge of more value than curative. In all domestic sanitary arrangements and household hygiene women must necessarily be the chief agents, and they ought to be intelligent and efficient ones—a *cordon sanitaire*, ever on guard to preserve their own health, and secure the constitutional well-being of the rising race. Now, who can so advantageously and successfully instruct girls, young women, and mothers, in all sanitary, physiological, and hygienic knowledge as thoroughly educated lady physicians? Though there are Ladies' Sanitary Associations, they have to depend chiefly upon men to write their tracts and lecture to them. It is very reasonable that professional men should perform a good portion of the writing and lecturing upon these subjects, but female physicians can impart to women indispensable information which a natural reserve would prevent medical men from communicating.

As the public become more enlightened in reference to the principles upon which health is to be preserved, and the rational methods by which it is to be restored when lost, the relation of the medical profession to society must necessarily be modified. Ignorance on the part of the patient and mystery on the part of the physician will

recede together; and already some of the most intelligent medical men are giving proof of a higher regard for the welfare of society than for the interests of the profession, as it is obvious that the more there is accomplished in the preservation of individual and public health the less will be the demand for the services of the physician—the more of nature, the less of art.

Among the eminent pioneers in this reform is Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, who has written ably in favor of rational medicine and a reliance upon nature in the cure of disease. "It is," says he, "the part of rational medicine to enlighten the public and the profession in regard to the true powers of the healing art. The community require to be undeceived and re-educated, so far as to know what is true and trustworthy from what is gratuitous, unfounded, and fallacious. And the profession themselves will proceed with confidence, self-approval, and success, in proportion as they shall have informed mankind on these important subjects. The exaggerated impressions now prevalent in the world in regard to the powers of medicine serve only to keep the profession and the public in a false position, to encourage imposture, to augment the number of candidates struggling for employment, to burden and disappoint the community already overtaxed, to lower the standard of professional character, and raise empirics to the level of honest and enlightened physicians."

In England, Sir John Forbes has given the weight of his great medical learning and influence in this direction. In an article published as long ago as 1846, he enjoined it upon the profession "to direct redoubled attention to hygiene, public and private, with the view of preventing diseases on the large scale, and individually in our own sphere of practice. Here the surest and most glorious triumphs of medical science are achieving and to be achieved. To inculcate generally a milder and less energetic mode of practice, both in acute and chronic diseases. To make every effort, not merely to destroy the prevalent system of giving a vast quantity and variety of unnecessary and useless drugs—to say the least of them—but to encourage extreme simplicity in the prescription of medicines that seem to be requisite. To place in a more prominent

point of view the great value and importance of what may be termed the physiological, hygienic, or natural system of curing diseases, especially chronic diseases, in contradistinction to the pharmaceutical or empirical drug plan generally prevalent. To endeavor to enlighten the public as to the actual powers of medicines, with a view to reconciling them to simpler and milder plans of treatment. To teach them the great importance of having their diseases treated in their earliest stages, in order to obtain a speedy and efficient cure; and, by some modification in the relations between the patient and the practitioner, to encourage and facilitate this early application for relief."

This tendency of things has an important bearing upon the introduction of women into the medical profession; for while they, as the handmaids of nature, possessing all the qualities for good nursing, are predisposed to the natural and rational modes of dealing with disease, many might be deterred from becoming healers of the sick, by the formidable task of comprehending and working the complicated and unwieldy machinery of the system, and by their repugnance to so much of the experimental, the artistic, and heroic, as now prevails, to the reproach of the profession and the detriment of the public. Had the family of *Æsculapius* consisted of daughters as well as sons, these milder methods of treatment, this co-operation with nature, recommended by those eminent medical gentlemen, would doubtless have ever prevailed.

Women physicians are especially needed in the female wards of hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, prisons, and reformatory institutions for females, where the professional skill of women could be so properly and advantageously employed in the investigation and treatment of disease, and their kindly ministrations and healing influence would do so much to restore mental and moral health to the afflicted and the erring. And to provide none but male physicians for the female patients of these various institutions is a grave error, and one that should be corrected as soon as practicable. Female seminaries should also be provided with female physicians to act as teachers of physiology and hygiene, and supervisors of health, as well as medical attendants.

One of the evils of the present system of having men only in the medical profession is, that the benefits of medical science and skill are to a great extent lost to the female portion of the public. This point is well presented by Professor Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, one of the most numerously attended medical institutions in the United States. Dr. Meigs is a physician of extensive practice and great experience, and author of large medical works. In his volume on the diseases of women, he speaks as follows:—

"The relations between the sexes are of so delicate a character that the duties of the medical practitioner are necessarily more difficult when he comes to take charge of a patient laboring under any one of the great host of female complaints than when he is called upon to treat the more general disorders, such as fevers, inflammations, the exanthemata, etc. . . . It is to be confessed that a very general opinion exists as to the difficulty of effectually curing many of the diseases of women; and it is mortifying, as it is true, that we see cases of these disorders going the whole round of the profession, in any village, town, or city, and falling at last into the hands of the quack; either ending in some surprising cure, or leading the victim, by gradual lapses of health and strength, down to the grave, the last refuge of the incurable, or rather uncured. *—I say uncured, for it is a very clear and well-known truth, that many of these cases are, in their beginning, of light and trifling importance. All these evils of medical practice spring not, in the main, from any want of competence in medicines or in medical men, but from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes, and in a good degree from a want of information among the population in general as to the import, and meaning, and tendency of disorders manifested by a certain train of symptoms. . . .*

"It is an interesting question as to what can be done to obviate the perpetuity of such evils—evils that have existed for ages. Is there any recourse by means of which the amount of suffering endured by women may be greatly lessened? I am of opinion that the answer ought to be in the affirmative; for I believe that, if a medical practitioner know how to obtain the entire confidence of the class of persons who habitually consult him; if he be endowed with a clear perceptive power, a sound judgment, a real probity, and a proper degree of intelligence, and a familiarity with the doctrines of a good medical school, he will, so far as to the

extent of his particular sphere of action, be found capable of greatly lessening the evils of which complaint is here made; and if these qualities are generally attached to physicians, then it is in their power to abate the evil throughout the population in general."

Here we have a statement of the evils and the remedy. If such and such qualities and qualifications are combined in medical men, and they know how to obtain the entire confidence of their female patients, the Professor believes it is in their power to abate the evil. There is, however, a simple, natural, and effectual remedy to which Dr. Meigs does not allude. He says these evils arise mainly "from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes." Let, then, those *relations* be dispensed with, in these matters, and let females have physicians of their *own* sex. This remedy will moreover, so far as females are concerned, meet a point suggested by Sir John Forbes, in speaking of the great importance of having diseases treated in their earliest stages, in order to obtain a speedy and efficient cure—namely, will encourage and facilitate an early application for relief—by removing embarrassments and obstacles which now frequently prevent application at all, or till too late for effectual relief. Humanity, morality, and the physical well-being of society demand the introduction of women into the medical profession.

There is one department of professional duty so peculiarly feminine, that in past times in all nations it has, with hardly any exceptions, been performed by women; and at the present time in no country has it been wholly wrested from them, the duty of assisting women in childbirth. It would seem that if there is any "appropriate sphere" for woman, beyond that which is inseparable from her sex, it is this. The "midwives" are spoken of with commendation in Scripture; in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, they were a recognized class; in China, Japan, India, and Turkey, at the present day, this service is performed by women. In most, if not all, of the Continental countries of Europe they are regularly educated in schools provided by the Governments, trained in the public hospitals, and duly licensed to practise.

In a paragraph in the *Boston Medical and*

Surgical Journal, in 1856, it was stated that the medical profession in Austria consisted of 6,398 physicians, 6,148 surgeons, 18,798 midwives, and 2,951 apothecaries—the women numbering 3,307 more than the men in their three departments.

In Great Britain and the United States, where kindred customs prevail, the encroachments of men upon this department of female service have proceeded to a greater extent than anywhere else. The displacement of women has been very gradual and has resulted from the fact that the medical schools and the hospital practice have been appropriated by men, while women have been left in ignorance, and have consequently been set aside as incompetent. The intrusion of men into this office began in France about two centuries ago, in England thirty or forty years later, and in this country about a century ago. In France the *sages femmes* are still systematically educated and extensively employed. In Great Britain this class of women has not died out—the census of 1851 returning 2,882 midwives; and in the United States many times that number must be practising without special training for the office.

The following inscription, from a gravestone in our neighboring city of Charlestown, gives an idea of the position of these professional women, and of the estimation in which they were held at the period indicated. The quaint simplicity of the record and its conspicuous publication give proof that along with delicate customs there existed a freedom from exquisite and affected refinements—things sadly reversed in our day.

"Here lyes Interred the Body of Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, wife to Mr. John Phillips, who was Born in *Westminster*, in Great Britain, & Commissioned by John, Lord Bishop of *London*, in the year 1718, to the office of a Midwife, and came to this country in the Year 1719, & by the blessing of God, has Brought into this world above 3000 children. Died May 6th, 1761, aged 76 years."

The writer has before him a volume of 471 pages, "A Treatise on the Art of Midwifery," etc. "By Mrs. Elizabeth Nihell, Professed Midwife," published in London in 1760. Speaking of the invasion of men into her profession, she says, "Besides, it is even ridiculous to confine the practice of mid-

wifery by females only to early ages. Who does not know that it was so in all ages, and in all countries, till just the present one, in which the innovation has crept into something of a fashion in two or three countries? The exceptions before, or anywhere else, to the general rule are so few, that they are scarce worth mentioning."

In 1759 Sterne employed his satirical pen against "the scientific operators" and their "improvements," in "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.," in which the worthy Dr. Slop is consecrated to immortality. In fact, the transfer of this vocation from women to men has, from its inception to the present moment, encountered earnest remonstrance, and steady opposition, arising from the general sentiment that it was unnatural and wrong. The argument of superior qualifications of male physicians, and the consequent greater safety in employing them, has, however, overborne the weighty considerations on the other side, and temporarily installed men in an office which obviously belongs to the other sex.

The question now to be solved is, whether women can be so qualified by education and training as to render the practice in their hands as *safe* and *successful* as in the hands of men—all other considerations, of course, being in favor of female practitioners. It is believed that women can be so qualified as not only to equal men, but that, with the advantages of sex and natural aptitude, they will greatly excel them in the exercise of this vocation. But to secure this end, women must have a complete and thorough medical education. The plan of giving them a narrow and partial training, as being sufficient for the ordinary routine of the art, keeps them in an inferior professional position, and diminishes the confidence of the public in their abilities. These specially trained midwives should, however, be encouraged till female physicians can be provided. In fact, even with their limited professional education they can, with rare exceptions, manage these matters with greater safety and success than medical men, however extensive their scientific attainments. Abundant statistics of hospital and private practice might be presented in proof of this statement. It is a well-known fact that the attendance of male practitioners has often a very embarrassing, disturbing effect, causing disasters and not

infrequent fatalities to mothers or infants, when there was not the least necessary occasion for such a result.

But it sometimes happens that complications and difficulties arise, and the doctor must be called; or medical advice and treatment are needed, before, at the time, or subsequently; and this will be an ever-ready and, to the minds of many, an unanswerable argument in favor of dispensing entirely with the female subordinate, and employing the doctor throughout. And hence the need of fully educated female physicians for this, as for other departments of female practice.

It is objected that, as woman's sphere is home and its duties, she cannot, like man, devote herself uninterruptedly to the profession, and therefore must be unsuccessful. To make the objection as strong as possible, let us suppose that every woman is to be married and become the mistress of a home. According to the census of Great Britain for 1851, the average number of children to a family was two, minus a fraction of five one-hundredths. As a medical education would be a most valuable qualification for the maternal head of a family, suppose large numbers of young women should study medicine, commence practice, and then be diverted wholly or in part for a few years; they could then resume their vocation, with additional qualifications, and pursue it for ten, twenty, or thirty years. The wife is often obliged to aid in supporting the family, and sometimes does it wholly, by manual or intellectual labor; and why not by the practice of the healing art?

But, from the census alluded to, it appeared that in about one-fifth of the families, in one thousand in five thousand, there were no children to absorb the attention of the mistress of the house; and further that there were in Great Britain, not including Ireland, 795,590 widows, many thousands of whom of course need some employment for self-support. Again, it appeared that there were above half a million more females than males, and that one hundred women in every eight hundred remained single. In an article on "Female Industry," in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1859, it is stated, that "out of six millions of women above twenty years of age, in Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, and of course the colonies, no less than half are industrial in their mode of life.

More than a third—more than two million—are independent in their industry, are self-supporting, like men." The number of men returned by the census, under the head of "Medical Profession," was 22,383. To supply half of the profession with women would therefore make but a slight draught upon the vast available number.

Similar calculations would apply to other countries, though, from the extensive colonization and other disturbing causes, the surplus of females in Great Britain is unusually large. In most countries, however, there appears to be an excess in the number of females over that of males at certain periods of life. In a paper prepared by John Roberton, and published by the Manchester (Eng.) Statistical Society, in 1854, the author says, "A number of years ago, in a paper read before this Society, entitled 'Thoughts on the Excess of Adult Females in the Population of Great Britain, with reference to its Causes and Consequences,' I endeavored to show that the female sex, in Christian countries, are probably designed for duties more in number and importance than have yet been assigned them. The reasons were, that above the twentieth year, in all fully-peopled States, whether in Europe or in North America, women considerably outnumbered the other sex; and that, as this excess is produced by causes which remain in steady operation, we detect therein a natural law, and may allowably infer that it exists for beneficent social ends."

The number of physicians in the United States, according to the census of 1850, was 40,564, and is now probably 50,000. But there is an immense multitude of unemployed women to supply co-laborers in the profession.

There is one disadvantage under which this enterprise must labor for a time; that is, the lower standard of female education and mental discipline, as compared with that of males.

Women have, however, a quickness of comprehension, a ready intuition and tact for the study and practice of the healing art, which compensate for the defect; and the defect is in the course of being removed. Indeed, there are now enough of well-bred and well-educated women to supply the profession many times over, who might and who

ought to volunteer for the good of their sex and their kind.

It is sometimes objected, that this is a masculine occupation, and that to go through the disagreeable process of obtaining a medical education is improper and indelicate for a woman. The writer has as little disposition to see women in men's places as men in women's. He is not one of those who take extreme views on the question of "women's rights," so called. In the medical profession itself there are departments as unwomanly as others are unmanly. Even the matter of the *title* should not be disregarded: the masculine appellation of Doctor belongs exclusively to men, and the feminine correlative, Doctress, both convenience and propriety assign to the lady physician. But to take the ground that it is indelicate and unfeminine to study the structure of the human system, with a view to understand its conditions of health and disease, and thereby to alleviate suffering and save life, is more fastidious than sensible. It is surely more modest for one woman in a thousand to study medicine and take charge of the health of the nine hundred and ninety-nine, than for the whole to remain ignorant and helpless, and depend on men for information and treatment in all cases and circumstances. No one who approves of female nurses for men, especially in military hospitals, can with a shadow of consistency object to the education of female physicians and their practice among women and children.

In the United States the plan of introducing women into the medical profession has fairly commenced and is making good progress.

The New England Female Medical College, located in Boston, commenced in 1848, the germ being a school with two lecturers and twelve pupils, and the course of instruction not extending beyond midwifery and the diseases of women and children. In the same year an association was organized to carry forward the object, in the language of its constitution, "to educate midwives, nurses, and (so far as the wants of the public require) female physicians." In 1850 the association was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature, under the name of the "Female Medical Education Society." In 1852 the number of professors was increased

and a full course of medical education was given. In 1854 the Legislature made a grant of \$5,000 for scholarships; in 1855, another grant of \$10,000 for other purposes; and in 1856 a full college charter was conferred. The course of education is similar to that in other medical colleges in the country. The number of graduates to the present time is thirty-four.

The College has been sustained mainly by donations and State aid, but in 1858 Hon. John Wade, of Woburn, left a bequest of \$20,000 as a scholarship fund, "for the support and medical education of worthy and moral indigent females." The Wade Scholarship Fund is now available for students. He also left about \$5,000 which is to accumulate to \$10,000, and then be paid over to the college to found a professorship. A bequest of \$7,000 has also been left to the college, but it is not likely to be realized for many years, though it will be largely increased by the accumulation of interest.

In 1849 Miss Elizabeth Blackwell graduated from the medical school in Geneva, New York, being the first lady in the country to receive a medical degree. This incident attracted public attention and helped to increase the interest in the movement already in progress. In 1850 the Female Medical College was opened in Philadelphia, with a State charter, and a fully organized faculty of instruction. In 1853 the Penn Medical University was started in Philadelphia, with separate departments of instruction for males and for females. The Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio, has graduated a number of ladies; a few have taken degrees at the two colleges—the regular and the homeopathic—in Cleveland, Ohio, and perhaps from other medical colleges in the country. There are, as the writer has ascertained, above two hundred graduated female physicians in the United States.

As all of these are comparatively beginners, and most of them have been but from one to five years in service, and it usually requires a long time for any young physician to build up an extensive practice, it cannot be expected that marvellous things should have yet been achieved in their professional career. Many of them are, however, making themselves very useful to the public, and receiving a good remuneration, while others

are laying the foundation for future success. Some have become public lecturers to female audiences, and are thus disseminating valuable knowledge where it is most needed. A graduate of this college has given lectures on anatomy, physiology, and health, in the four State Normal Schools of Massachusetts, to the young ladies preparing to be teachers, thus aiding them in preserving their own health and that of the children and youth of the public schools. Another of the graduates is physician in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, at South Hadley, in this State, where there are near three hundred young women to receive the benefit of her teachings, and of her medical advice and treatment when needed. Thus she combines the office of physician with the more important one of supervisor of health to this female household, an admirable position for a doctress, but one that a doctor would awkwardly fill. All such seminaries ought to be thus supplied. And what an interesting field of usefulness these female schools and seminaries open for women of literary and medical education!

For the purpose of promoting their success in the profession, the graduates of this College four years ago formed an association, called the New England Female Medical Society, now numbering twenty-five members, graduates from this and other colleges. Communications, verbal and written, are made at their meetings, and as their experience and observation extend they will be able to contribute more and more to the common stock for mutual improvement.

There are some persons who think there should be no separate medical schools for females, but that the sexes should be educated together. If the argument of propriety, urged in favor of female physicians for their own sex, has any force, it holds good in favor of separate schools for their education. That the experiment of admitting female students to male medical colleges has proved unsatisfactory may be inferred from the circumstance that in most or all of the instances of the kind the practice has been discontinued, and applications from ladies are rejected on the very reasonable ground, that there are now medical colleges expressly for females which it is more proper that they should attend. For a time it was of course necessary to employ male profes

sors only, there being no others ; but of the six instructors in the college in Boston, three are now ladies ; there are now also three in the Female College in Philadelphia.*

In regard to hospital practice, there seems to be no good reason why female students should not obtain it in existing hospitals. In lying-in hospitals female physicians are certainly the proper attendants ; and female students are the proper persons to assist and receive from them clinical instruction in the obstetric art. Madame Boivin and Madame Lachapelle, learned and skilful physicians, superintended above twenty thousand births each in the Hospital of Maternity in Paris, and with unequalled success. The women and children's wards in general hospitals, if not at present under the exclusive management of women physicians, could at specified times be attended by female students, by themselves, with lady professors to give the clinical instruction.

The important movement now in progress for educating nurses would be greatly facilitated and advanced by the co-operation of female physicians, who could more appropriately and more conveniently, and therefore more successfully, than male physicians, instruct and train nurses in the care of lying-in and other female patients.

That this is an enterprise of great magni-

* It is, however, obvious that in a country where no female medical schools exist the experiment cannot be made unless the first students be allowed entrance to a male medical college or hospital, as was done in the case of Miss Blackwell, and with no undesirable result.

tude, requiring labor and patience to carry it forward, all will concede. But what ought to be done can be done. "Time and I against any two," said Philip of Macedon. So time and the spirit of progress will overcome all obstacles ; and the current once turned will move on of itself, broader and deeper. The profession will find their female co-laborers gradually multiplying, and in the process of time the proportions will be duly adjusted.

The progress of the cause must of course depend mainly upon women themselves. They alone, by earnest and patient endeavor and actual success, can practically solve the doubts and misgivings of well-wishers, remove the want of confidence of women in the abilities of their own sex, and overcome prejudice, interested opposition, and the tenacity of custom. Hitherto the men have taken the lead and shown the greater interest in this movement, women having naturally waited a little for the clearer sanction of the public voice. But they will not long hesitate where duty and humanity call.

Any demonstration of the principle and of the success of the enterprise in one country of course gives it an impulse in every other enlightened nation. The cause has made some progress in America, but it needs the reacting influence of successful European experiment—especially from our fatherland. It is certainly time that England, in her great metropolis, had at least one medical college for women.

Our fellow-citizen, George W. Childs, has undertaken the publication of a work entitled "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," to be edited and executed by Benson J. Lossing. Mr. Lossing is justly celebrated, to use the language of Edward Everett in referring to this project, for his "diligence in exploring the localities he describes, his fidelity and accuracy as a historian, and the spirit of his illustrations." The war for the Union furnishes a wide field and an inexhaustible mine for such an intellect as that of Mr. Lossing. Indeed, the idea, properly carried out, cannot fail to result in an invaluable contribution to our national literature and great profits to the author and publisher.

It is to be published in about twenty parts of forty-eight pages each, at twenty-five cents a part, making, when complete, a superb volume of about one thousand pages. It will be elegantly illustrated by several hundred wood engravings, in the highest style of the art, by Lossing & Barrett. In addition to the wood engravings, each part will contain a fine steel engraving representing an accurate portrait or some appropriate historical scene, making twenty steel plates in the entire volume. Persons possessing pamphlets, or other materials relating to the rebellion, are invited to send them to him. Address Benson J. Lossing, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—*Philadelphia Press*.

From The Spectator, 8 March.
OUR IRONSIDES.

WHILE Captain Coles is perfecting his cupola floating battery, on which, in another ten years or so, the British navy will probably have been remodelled, only to be replaced by some newer combination of steam, iron plates, deflecting angles, pivots, and Armstrong guns, it may be as well to see if any lessons of detail can be gathered from our actual Ironsides, which have done all that their designers professed they should do, as laid down in their specifications. These documents provided for a certain speed, a definite buoyancy under certain loads of armor, ample stowage for stores, excellent officer's accommodation—in fact, every requirement that official Argus eyes could discern as necessary to perfection, was duly inserted—except one. There was no proviso, express or implied, that they were to be able to steer, and—not to mince matters—steer they accordingly do not. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" has been too often launched by irresponsible Lords of the Admiralty at over-zealous underlings and impertinent interlopers, for any contractor to go beyond the strict letter of his contract. "It is not in the bond," is the stereotyped answer, as justified by legal precedents innumerable. However, £356,000 is rather a large sum to pay for each of a series of vessels that all but refuse to answer the helm, and we propose briefly to explain how the defect manifests itself, why it is the necessary result of the present amount of available rudder-surface, and what general principles must be observed in the construction of future ships of similar pretensions. So much secrecy has been observed as to the form of the Gloire, that for all that can be said to the contrary, some improvement in the steering apparatus requisite for controlling so heavy a mass of iron in a sea-way may be the very gist of her peculiar adaptability. At all events, the mere construction of a hull bearing a certain weight of armor-plate is obviously no specialty of any nation; and in point of fact our own models both sail faster than the Gloire, and carry their guns higher out of the water. We do not remember to have noticed any remarks as to the steering powers of the latter, but if she answer her helm as readily as a wooden vessel, then she would be a most formidable antagonist to any vessel of five

times her size which did not rapidly obey her wheel.

Whispers of the Warrior not having steered very well on her voyage out to Lisbon, were rife, but no accurate idea could be formed of her serious deficiency in this respect, and it was generally supposed to be owing to the severe weather, which naturally caused her to labor heavily. Presently, it was elicited that, owing to faulty design, the tiller could only traverse some 26° (we presume in each direction—surely it could never be only 13° either way from the mesial plane!), which, of course, in such a vessel, would at once account for any difficulty of bringing her up to the wind, and for her marked propensity to fall off into the trough of the sea, as often as that manœuvre was attempted. This faulty construction, we are promised, is to be forthwith remedied, but we trust inquiry will be made as to who is responsible for sending a vessel costing £355,000 to sea on a first voyage, in mid-winter, with a helm barely sufficient to veer a collier in ballast. To ourselves it savors strongly of the joint action of the Lucifer-match and Sealing-wax Departments. "So much space was *always* allowed in a fourth-rate for stores in the after-part of the ship, and you must find or make similar space in your armor ship. If not, no contract." There is nothing like actual trial; experience makes even fools wise, and after the Warrior has been nearly lost, and the nation has been horrified with visions of her leaking at every seam (if such be an appropriate phrase for an armor-ship), it is found that the rudder must have more play, let the departments look as dissatisfied as they please.

A similar failure to answer her helm was, however, observable in the Defence, which, so far as we can gather from the rather meagre accounts given of the difference between her and her consort, has not had any bulkhead to interfere with the free sweep of her tiller. Yet, on coming into harbor, after her trial trip last Friday, we read that she refused to answer her helm though put hard over, for nearly a minute, by which time she had run into dangerously shallow water. In fact, it was by the merest chance that the various journals had not to report a catastrophe, and as the conditions in her case are sufficiently dissimilar from those of the War-

rior to indicate that there is a more deep-seated cause for the failure of iron-cased ships to answer the helm than the mere play of the tiller, it becomes an anxious question whether some important general principle may have not been overlooked or neglected, which, if not corrected in time, may seriously prejudice these vessels, and all others constructed upon the same general plan.

We propose to state briefly, and without using technical terms, wherein we conceive that the "effect defective" consists, and in order thereto must beg the non-professional reader to recal the position of a horse galloping at full speed round the circus, when it will be found the animal inclines more and more towards the centre the higher the velocity. Precisely identical in principle, though differently applied, is the action of the rudder upon a ship, acting as it does by a leverage measured by the whole length of the vessel, which, therefore, with proportionately fine lines, and equal conditions of buoyancy, ought to steer even easier as her size is increased, if the rudder surface be increased in a ratio similar to the length of the keel. The projection of the false keel will modify the roll inboard, if the vessel be suddenly veered with the full power of the rudder, so that a vessel so provided will roll less than a flat-bottomed vessel, as the unfortunate Great Eastern hourly exemplified in the open sea. But it is obvious that these proportions must be most materially affected by the varying buoyancy of the ship, so that if the sides of the vessel be built of iron plates, in addition to the ordinary thickness of wood, it is next to impossible that a rudder surface, calculated on anything approximating to the same ratio as that in use in ordinary vessels, can begin to give the huge heavy broadside mass that inboard roll without which she cannot turn. Every seaman knows the difficulty of canting a vessel round by a line attached to her bows or stern. Precisely the same difficulty, but in another form, prevents one of our Ironsides from being veered round as readily under the same or similar conditions of steering power. That small lever surface at the stern has to heave up one entire broadside of armor-

plates ere the mammoth can obey her helm, and naturally it takes very much longer to do so than it would in a vessel built under ordinary conditions of buoyancy. Thus the Great Eastern, in calm water, steers like a yacht, because, though built of iron, she both is flat-bottomed and fulfils the ordinary requirements of a ship that is light or heavy according to amount of cargo. Vessels of the class of the Warrior or Defence vary little in weight at any time, and always have the same dead weight to raise, ere the lateral resistance of the false keel is overcome, or rather avoided, by the interposition of the floor of the vessel as she rolls in-board.

As to the remedy to be applied in this state of matters, it is perhaps premature to speak. Yet it is likely that an additional momentum in the shape of a movable cut-water might answer all purposes in the present class of vessels, or possibly a larger rudder surface may provide the required desideratum, only that that would imply the use of a donkey-engine, such as is used in the Great Eastern. The first named plan, on the other hand, is open to the objection that a chance shot or a heavy sea might carry it away at the very moment when the safety of the vessel depended on it. Yet it is obvious a similar accident might happen to the rudder in its ordinary position, as witness the damage to the stern-post of the Great Eastern; so that the argument may be considered as disposed of.

The question is one of surpassing interest and importance, and we shall be curious to know what steps will be taken, a feeling which we are sure the public will share with us. It is evident that this is the weak point of the new class of ships, and as the enormous sums required for each vessel have been ungrudgingly lavished, we trust both that no new contracts will be finally approved till an appropriate remedy has been found, and that a dispassionate and liberal spirit, and prompt action, will signalize the deportment of the Admiralty in criticising the various plans and inventions for steering heavy vessels with which the discovery of this serious defect will in all probability inundate them. *Hoc erit in votis.*

From The Spectator.
POLYGAMY.

DR. COLENSO, Bishop of Natal, is riding a hobby to death. For the last six years he has been arguing, teaching, and even preaching, that the putting away of extra wives, which the missionaries of Natal urge upon their converts, is not commanded by Christ or justified by the Gospel, and that while it delays the progress of Christianity from the natural repugnance which it creates, it is also in itself an immoral act. He now solemnly calls on Convocation, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to give the subject "a calm and careful deliberation," and formally decide in favor of his view of the moral law. In other words, he desires that the Church of England should, after public and formal debate, decide that polygamy is not a *malum in se*, but a practice which, under particular circumstances, may be allowed to Christian men. The Church had, in our judgment, much better let the matter alone.

In the special case of the converts, sensible men will probably be inclined to agree with the bishop, though some of his arguments are of the shallowest order. One which weighs very much with him—the hardship of compelling a man to put away his wife—seems to us almost without weight. The hardship is not a bit greater than, for example, the renunciation of caste which every Hindoo convert gives up, and the loss of which separates him from all his own relations, his mother and children included. To relax laws of this kind on the ground of personal hardship, is the most dangerous of practices. In almost all Asiatic countries one frightful hardship exists which is pleaded by the people themselves as a full justification of polygamy: the woman withers twenty years before the man begins to decay. An Asiatic girl, married at twelve, is at thirty, and often at twenty-five, a wrinkled scarecrow, incapable of child-bearing, and hideous to the eye. Is the Church to rule that in all such cases polygamy is lawful or expedient? To many men the fact of childlessness is the most terrible of calamities. Henry the Eighth broke down a social organization which had lasted for centuries only to avert it. Napoleon sacrificed the wife of his youth, broke with the Revolution, and risked his popularity with his peo-

ple under the same temptation. One mighty community, a tenth of the human race, bases its whole social system, from the descent of thrones to the smallest ceremony, upon the necessity of keeping the line intact, and pundits almost deny that heaven is possible to the man who dies childless. Is the church to allow, as Hindooism does, that polygamy, in itself admitted to be an evil, is justified when it averts this hardship? The argument proves too much, and should never have been advanced by a bishop who would not admit that the command, "Leave all and follow me," was a "stumbling-block" in the way of conversion. The true argument lies in the wrong which the wives and children thus put away endure, and which could only be justified by a direct command. There certainly is no such command in Scripture, the only sentence implying such a law—"let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband"—being at least as clearly directed against celibacy, and explicable by the text which, forbidding a minister to have more than one wife, seems to justify the practice among laymen. Even this idea of wrong, however, must not be pushed too far. Every people which permits polygamy—the Hindoo excepted—permits also divorce, and the wife is married subject to that liability. The fact that the cause of divorce is a change of faith does not increase the wrong she endures, though it may deepen the moral wrong which the husband, awakened to new responsibilities, does to his own conscience. A careful balance, however, between the wrong inflicted on individual families, and the evil caused by polygamy temporarily tolerated among Christians, will, we think, incline observers slightly towards the bishop's side. Men, however devoted to literal interpretations, will not, we think, blame a missionary who, secure of his own conscience, tolerates polygamy among converts, or seeks to disturb the civil immunity which polygamy has always enjoyed in heathen countries governed by British law. The monstrous system called Koolinism, under which certain Indian Brahmins marry a score of wives and live with none of them, is not polygamy at all, but simply an arrangement subversive of ordinary morality, and open to legal action at the request of the people.

But while missionaries may be left to their own interpretation of Scripture and sense of rectitude, we deprecate strongly any action by the English Church in favor of any such latitude. Polygamy, though not directly forbidden, is wholly foreign to the spirit and essence of Christian life, as well as to the unwritten revelation found in physiological laws. The Christian theory rests on the unity of the husband and wife, which polygamy at once destroys, while the practice, by introducing a permanent and irremediable cause of jealousy, breaks up the home, and with it that form of civilization which is found to develop most fully the ordinary Christian virtues. By robbing the poorer members of the community of the wives who should have been theirs, it directly injures all whom it does not directly corrupt, while it lowers of necessity the whole tone of that system of sentiments which we in Europe call love. If we cared to offend the prudery which in England tolerates no plain speaking, except in police reports, we could produce strong physical arguments, and that without appealing to the very doubtful physiological ground popular among English travellers. They are very apt to affirm that a race given to polygamy degenerates, forgetting that the Jews have been among the most enduring of races, and that while the Roman who hated polygamy has disappeared, the Arab, who reduced it to system, retains an overflowing vitality. But there is one social fact patent to all men with eyes, who can recognize any society but that of the British Isles. Polygamy enslaves half the human race. It cannot be worked at all without sharp and stern laws pressed down on the women's necks. So strong is the influence of jealousy, so ineradicable the dis-

trust of men conscious of divided affection, that there is, we believe, no community on earth which allows polygamy and does not also concede to the husband the power of life and death. Nor, we believe, is that fact any result of barbarism, but of a just appreciation of the natural laws which make every evil a source of evils more numerous still. The example of the Mormons is nothing to the point. They punish adultery with death, and they were bred up in all the influences of Christianity and Western civilization. Any measure, therefore, which tends to diminish the Western horror of polygamy is in itself, *pro tanto*, an injury to morals and civilization, and a resolution by the English Church affirming Dr. Colenso's proposal would be a most serious injury. The mass of mankind will never be restrained either by the considerations of civilization or expediency, nor will they believe that a thing wrong in itself can ever be right under certain exceptional circumstances. Consequently they will either treat the decision as wholly nugatory, or they will argue that adherence to one wife is merely a rule imposed by the civil law; that, for example, it would be morally right for a man to turn Mormon, and act on his principles, even before he had reached Utah. The mass of men are careless enough of restraint as it is, without anybody offering them additional arguments in favor of relaxation. No case of the special kind which appealed to Dr. Colenso can ever arise in England, and the missionaries had much better be left to deal with exceptional causes in their own lands, where even an occasional blunder on either side, however mischievous to the individual, can have no evil effect on society at large.

GREGORY OF PAULTON.—A biblical note containing a quotation from this celebrated father, may possess some local interest, if you would kindly reproduce it for the benefit of my Paulton friends. The commentator (Dr. A. Clarke), in illustration of the simile of a "tinkling cymbal," used by the Apostle, 1 Cor. xiii. 1., proceeds:—

"I have quoted several passages from heathens of the most cultivated minds in Greece and Rome to illustrate passages of the sacred writers. I shall now quote one from an illiterate collier of Paulton, in Somerset; and as I

have named Homer, Horace, Virgil, and others, I will quote Josiah Gregory, whose mind might be compared to a diamond of the first water, whose native splendor broke in various places through its incrustations, but whose brilliancy was not brought out for want of the hand of the lapidary. Among various energetic sayings of this great unlettered man, I remember to have heard the following: 'People of little religion are always noisy; he who has not the love of God and man filling his heart is like an empty wagon coming violently down a hill: it makes a great noise because there is nothing in it.'"

—Notes and Queries. F. PHILLOTT.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON.

EDWIN M. STANTON, now Secretary of War, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, and is about forty-five years of age. In his native town, he began the study of law, after graduating at Kenyon College. During his residence in Ohio, he undertook the authorship of a portion of the Ohio Supreme Court Reports, and these now bear his name. In 1848, he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and at once took position at the head of the bar. Early in the administration of Mr. Buchanan, he was selected by Attorney-General Black to represent the Government in the important land cases of California.

When General Cass—grieved and indignant—left Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Attorney-General Black was transferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr. Stanton, then absent from Washington, was fixed upon as Attorney-General. The same night he arrived at a late hour, and learned from his family of his appointment. Knowing the character of the bold, bad men in the ascendancy in the Cabinet, he determined at once to decline; but when, the next day, he announced his resolution at the White House, the entreaties of the distressed and helpless President, and the arguments of Mr. Black, prevailed upon him to accept.

At the first meeting of the Cabinet which he attended, the condition of the seceded States and the course to be pursued with the garrison of Fort Sumter was discussed. Floyd and Thompson were dwelling upon the "irritation of the Southern heart," and the folly of continuing a useless garrison to increase the irritation. No one formally proposed any course of action, but the designs of the conspirators were plain to the Attorney-General. He went home troubled. He had intended, coming at so late a day, to remain a quiet member of this discordant council. But it was not in his nature to sit quiet longer under such utterances.

The next meeting was a long and stormy one, Mr. Holt, feebly seconded by the President, urging the immediate reinforcement of Sumter, while Thompson, Floyd, and

Toombs contended that a quasi-treaty had been made by the officers of the Government with the leaders of the rebellion, to offer no resistance to their violations of law and seizure of Government property. Floyd especially blazed with indignation at what he termed the "violation of honor." At last Mr. Thompson formally moved that an imperative order be issued to Major Anderson to retire from Sumter to Fort Moultrie—abandoning Sumter to the enemy, and proceeding to a post where he must at once surrender.

Mr. Stanton could sit still no longer, and, rising, he said, with all the earnestness that could be expressed in his bold and resolute features, "Mr. President, it is my duty as your legal adviser, to say that you have no right to give up the property of the Government, or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if followed, is *treason*, and will involve you and all concerned in treason." Such language had never before been heard in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who had so long ruled and bullied the President were surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked. Floyd and Thompson sprang to their feet with fierce, menacing gestures, seeming about to assault Mr. Stanton. Mr. Holt took a step forward to the side of the Attorney-General. The imbecile President implored them piteously to take their seats. After a few more bitter words the meeting broke up. This was the last Cabinet meeting on that exciting question in which Floyd participated. Before another was called, all Washington was startled with the rumor of those gigantic frauds which have made his name so infamous. At first he tried to brazen it out with his customary blustering manner; but the next day the Cabinet waited long for his appearance. At last he came; the door opened, his resignation was thrust into the room, and Floyd disappeared from Washington. Such was the end of Floyd, and the beginning of Stanton.—*St. Louis Republican*.

JOHN BRIGHT.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

I HONOR you, John Bright!
With your head up in the light,
In your honest English might
Standing forth for Truth and Right;

You're a man!
And that's a good deal said,
In these days of strife and dread—
Days of manliness stark dead,
Or stark mad.

I hear across the deep,
Noble, earnest accents sweep—
Words that make me laugh and weep
Both at once,
In a burst of joy, John Bright!
That one man, on Truth's fair height,
With the two extremes in sight
Of man's blessing and man's blight—
Mortal weal and mortal woe,

Hath a soul to speak out clear
To the Old and New World's ear,
So that every man may hear
And understand
Freedom's utterance, bold and strong,
Human right 'gainst human wrong,
Right of Weakness to be strong—
Deathless right!

And the tears are in my eyes,
When I think you sympathize
With my country, rent and torn
By Dissension's cruel thorn;
Bleeding fast,
God alone can tell how fast,
Possibly her best and last,
Patriot blood. O God! I bless,
In this hour of our distress,
Our confusion, loss, and strain,
Shuddering hopes and throbbing pain—
Thee I bless, that o'er the main
Comes one honest human tone,
Freedom's, Truth's, Religion's own,
Us to cheer!

Thus, across the troubled water,
I, America's sad daughter,
From our fields of death and slaughter
Stretch my hand
Gratefully to you, John Bright!
Honest champion of Right,
Standing up in Heaven's pure light—
Up, on such a goodly height
That both hemispheres may see
How you look, John Bright!
With God's sunshine on your head,
Like a heavenly halo shed,
From the empyrean height.

RHODE ISLAND TO THE SOUTH.

BY GEN. F. W. LANDER.

ONCE on New England's bloody heights,
And o'er a Southern plain,
Our fathers fought for sovereign rights,
That working men might reign.

And by that only Lord we serve,
The great Jehovah's name;
By those sweet lips that ever nerve
High hearts to deeds of fame;

By all that makes the man a king,
The household hearth a throne—
Take back the idle scoff ye fling,
Where freedom claims its own.

For though our battle hope was vague
Upon Manassas' plain,
Where Slocum stood with gallant Sprague,
And gave his life in vain.

Before we yield the holy trust
Our old forefathers gave,
Or wrong New England's hallowed dust,
Or grant the wrongs ye crave—

We'll print in kindred gore so deep
The shore we love to tread,
That woman's eyes shall fail to weep
O'er man's unnumbered dead.

THE TRAITOR'S VISION.

BY G. WILLIS WHITE, JR.

HE lay on his couch in the silent hour,
And the midnight lamp burned dim,
And he thought of the reins of despotic power,
That none could hold but him;
But his brain was fevered and weary with
thought,
And his body was racked with pain,
While his heart beat fast when his memory
sought
To bring back old times again.

He figured his profits—a good round sum
They seemed to his fevered mind;
But a spectre grim there seemed to come,
When a balance he sought to find;
He saw on the wall, and in clear relief,
A ghostly group of mechanics appear,
And they built a gallows, and talked of a thief,
Who, dreading his death, was standing near;

And straightway from out of the midst of them
all,
A man walked forth with a face like the
dead,
While these words appeared above on the
wall:
"He betrayed the country that gave him
bread!"

And he that lay on his couch that night,
Gazed trembling forward into the space,
While his heart stood still with a sudden fright,
As the criminal turned—he saw his own face!

DEVONSHIRE LANES.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long ; and when once you
are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet ;
But howe'er rough and dirty the road may be
found,
Drive forward you must—there is no turning
round,

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride ;
And e'en then, 'tis a chance but they get in a
pothor,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty meets them with mendicant looks ;
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with
crooks ;
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them
to pass ;
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on an ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and
right,
That they shut up the beauties around them
from sight ;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we
are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly be-
sprent ;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to
roam,
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts
of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice, the bright holly
grows ;
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose ;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife,
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter
of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way ;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
And whate'er others say, be the last to com-
plain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire
lane.

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT.

THE POOL AND THE BROOK.

How silently it slumbereth,
The deep and lonely pool,
Without a ripple on its face
To make its shadows cool ;

While from it trills a noisy brook,
With wavelets sparkling bright,
Whose shallow waters waste and dry
When summer's at its height.

The one, like great emotion, deep
Within the silent heart ;
The other, trifling feelings, which
Dry up as they depart.
—*Chambers's Journal.* C. E.

EVENING.

ONE star is trembling into sight,
And soft as sleep the darkness falls,
The wood-dove from the forest calls,
The bat begins his wayward flight.

Streams, murmuring in the ear of Night,
Within the woody hollows wind,
Whose dusky boughs are intertwined
Above their music and their light.

The woodland range is dimly blue,
With smoke, that creeps from cots unseen
And briery hedge and meadow green
Put on their white night-robe of dew.

And every sound that breaks the calm
Is like a lullaby to rest ;
All is at peace—except the breast
That needs the most its soothing balm.
—*Chambers's Journal.* W. M.

“AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE
LIGHT.”

BY “C. F.”

OUR nation's sun was clouded o'er,
When erst he rose at morn ;
But soon those beams were hid no more,
Afar the clouds were borne.
We for awhile enjoyed his rays
In all their noon-tide power,
Now once again is hid that blaze,
In this our darkest hour.
But freedom's sky shall yet be bright,
“At evening time it shall be light.”

The sun of Liberty shall ne'er
In clouds and darkness set ;
Her sons are brave—they know no fear—
And God is with us yet.
We know, whatever may betide,
Be it for good or ill,
It is in mercy he doth chide—
His arm is powerful still.
Then strike ! for God and for the Right,
“At evening time it shall be light.”